

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXII.—No. 566.

[REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9th. 1907.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,  
BY POST, 6½d.]



SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM AND HER DAUGHTERS.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: The Countess Fitzwilliam and Her Daughters ...	649, 650
The Improvement of Highland Lochs ...	650
Country Notes ...	651
Country Characters (Illustrated) ...	653
A Book of the Week ...	656
From the Farms. (Illustrated) ...	657
Wild Country Life ...	658
An Englishman's Colonial Home. (Illustrated) ...	659
Highland Housekeeping ...	661
In the Garden ...	662
Stag-hunting in the West. (Illustrated) ...	663
A Patch of Gorse ...	665
Country Home: Water Eaton Manor. (Illustrated) ...	666
Jean Pierre ...	674
The Quail ...	675
Rust and Midew (Illustrated) ...	676
The Pied Flycatcher in Wales ...	678
Shooting ...	679
On the Green ...	680
Han ...	682
Correspondence ...	683

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XXI. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

Vols. VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX. and XXI. of COUNTRY LIFE are now ready, and can be obtained on application to the Publisher. Price, bound in green half-morocco, 25s. per volume, or 21s. in green cloth, gilt edges. Vols. I., II., III., IV. and V. are out of print. All cheques should be made payable to the Proprietors, COUNTRY LIFE.

\*\* With this issue of COUNTRY LIFE is published an Illustrated Motor Supplement, dealing with the Olympic Motor Exhibition, and including a table giving the mechanical details of the Cars exhibited and a plan of the Stands.

## THE IMPROVEMENT OF HIGHLAND LOCHS.

THERE need be no hesitation in saying that Highland lochs are capable of improvement. In the first place we have the ideal loch, situated in a fertile valley, rich in feed and with a clean bottom of gravel and sand. Here trout of all sizes abound; but the presence of the migratory salmonidæ is dependent upon the existence of suitable means of communication with the sea. Secondly, we have the larger mountain lochs, and while Loch Ness may be considered typical of the former type, Loch Ericht may fairly claim to represent the latter. This loch, situated at a high elevation, offers great variety in the size and character of its inhabitants; but its position prohibits it from ever becoming a first-class resort for fly-fishing proper, owing to the scarcity of the natural insect in an average season. In common with others of its kind it is *par excellence* a trolling loch. Thirdly, the tarns claim our attention, and this type of loch is so familiar as to require little description. Generally placed in a cup among the hills, often surrounded with deep, swinging bog and clad with rushes, these waters are often of great depth and generally somewhat peaty in colour. The trout are black in hue and vary in condition according to the weather and the nature of the bottom. Here, as in the larger lochs, we may meet with a monster cannibal preying on his own kind, generally lanky in shape with a pronounced beak and unfit for table. Lastly, and perhaps most interesting of all, we must note

the artificial ponds and tarns created by man in some hollow or valley by the erection of a dam or by diverting some burn or stream from its natural course.

As a general rule, Highland lochs are insufficiently provided with bottom feeding to carry a large breed of trout in great numbers. Thus it is that, the majority of these being preserved and under-fished, the trout are too numerous and therefore small in size, the only exceptions being the cannibals, which, as stated above, can only be captured by trolling. The growth of the latter is due to their cannibalistic propensities, not in any way to the natural feeding in the loch. There are probably few anglers who prefer a basket of troutlings, however numerous, to a limited number of well-shaped fish averaging from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. upwards, and there are few lochs which can be neglected with impunity if the latter result is to be obtained. The hill lochs, generally speaking, contain few, if any, pike or other coarse fish, and the presence of the latter, within reasonable limits, is desirable if a good average of size and weight is to be maintained. Granted that the trout in any given loch are apparently deteriorating in size or quality, the reason for this should be carefully investigated, and it will probably be found desirable to net a large number of small fish and restock with Loch Levens or rainbows. A breed of German trout now supplied by certain pisciculturists is becoming deservedly popular for this purpose, and is peculiarly suitable for stocking artificial ponds and lochs. Certain hill lochs in Perthshire have recently benefited from this treatment, and the growth of the German trout is all that could be desired. The first type of loch to which we referred probably requires little treatment with the exception of fair fishing and the occasional introduction of fresh blood. If connected with the sea, rainbows cannot be introduced without risk of migration. Many waters of this class would yield excellent sea-trout-fishing if the level of the loch were slightly raised so that artificial spates could be produced at will. During the present season there has been no need of such artificial means; but in average years the device is worthy of attention, although the expense is necessarily somewhat heavy. The experiment has been tried with success to improve certain salmon-fishings, and there is no reason why it should not benefit the lochs as well. By means of blasting falls and arranging for "ladders," much can be done to give the salmonidæ access to a loch, and the only difficulty which arises is that the owner of a loch seldom possesses the whole of the stream which connects it with the sea. Some arrangement, however, can generally be made with neighbouring proprietors to effect the necessary alterations of the river-bed. Tarns and artificial lochs differ in one important point, that while the latter can generally be drained at will, the former are, owing to their depth, incapable of being thus treated. Tarns are capable of little improvement, but the numbers of the trout should be kept within bounds, and the food supply, if possible, increased. It has recently been stated that bracken was valuable for this purpose, and as a means of producing insect-life this is probably correct. If lochs or tarns are within the limits of tree growth the effect of planting in the neighbourhood will be advantageous, much insect food being thereby produced. Artificial lakes and ponds which have been created by men often more than satisfy the expectations of their owners for the first few years, and the trout which have been introduced flourish and grow at an amazing speed, food being extraordinarily plentiful. After a time, however, these waters often deteriorate, the food supply becomes exhausted and the fish lose their quality, growing lanky and lean. In this case there is only one remedy—to drain off the water and allow the bottom to lie exposed to the air for one or more seasons, restocking again with another class of trout.

The introduction of pike into lochs can only be recommended provided that they can be kept within reasonable bounds, and the difficulty experienced at Loch Leven furnishes a good illustration of the nuisance which these fish may become where weeds are plentiful and netting in consequence is difficult. On the other hand, if the numbers of the trout cannot be otherwise reduced with a view to increasing the average weight, pike can be relied upon to effect this with certainty. Pike-fishing in the Highlands is generally disregarded on account of the abundance of other sport; but there are lochs within the writer's knowledge where from 80 lb. to 100 lb. weight of well-shaped pike can be taken without any difficulty in the course of a day's fishing. It is hardly necessary to add that the trout-fishing in these waters is not of the best, but such of the latter as are obtained average well over  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. in weight.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess Fitzwilliam and her daughters. Lady Fitzwilliam is a daughter of the Marquess of Zetland, and her marriage to Earl Fitzwilliam took place in 1896.

\*\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.





## COUNTRY NOTES

AN official announcement has been made of the appointment of a commission to investigate the present working of the Poor Law, and we all know that there will be plenty to be done. The present Poor Law has existed so long that in a great measure it has ceased to meet the necessities of the hour. Perhaps the question most pressing for treatment is that of the tramp. Long ago it was understood that every parish was responsible for its own poor, and anyone without visible means of support was returned to his native place; but as means of travelling increased and the population grew more restless this became impossible, and a man's native parish is no longer responsible for him after he has left it. What, then, are we to do with the tramp? He has come to hate the casual ward, with its compulsory work, which is abhorrent to him, and its compulsory bath, which is almost equally so, in fact, prefers prison fare, which is much better than it used to be, and which carries with it no compulsion to labour. A suggestion has been made that everyone should be relieved at the first time of asking, on condition that due explanation is given of his destination. The second time he applies for relief enquiries should be more stringent; and on the third occasion his name should be entered on a black list kept by the police; so that if, after further solicitations he proves himself habitually a tramp, he should be sent to a labour colony. This may, or may not, be the best way of dealing with the wandering population, but, at all events, it is a suggestion, and something will have to be done.

The present condition of affairs in Ireland is disagreeably illustrated by an incident which took place at a special meeting of the subscribers to the Ormond Hunt. What we cannot help thinking a very impertinent offer was sent them by the United Irish League, which, quite in the style of diplomacy, offered to permit the hunt to go on if certain persons and their horses were not allowed to participate in the sport. We are glad to see that the subscribers indignantly rejected this proposition, and very properly refused to acknowledge the existence of the United Irish League, or the right of that body to interfere with their amusements. Yet the strength of the agitation may be gauged from the fact that a motion to suspend the hunt for a fortnight was carried by sixteen votes to fourteen. The majority favoured its discontinuance in face of the League's opposition; but if the agitators continue to work on these lines it is possible that they may render hunting impracticable in Ireland. It is well worth their while to reflect if, in that case, they are not killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

During the week an interesting discussion has been going on about the names of the English Men of Letters which have been chosen to fill the nineteen panels under the dome of the renovated reading-room at the British Museum. The omissions are indeed curious. We find Browning's name inserted, and that of Shelley left out. Robert Burns, who is, in the opinion of most competent judges, an immeasurably superior poet to either of them, is also omitted; while Byron, whose fame, in spite of all that has been said to bolster it up, is steadily on the decrease, finds a place. But perhaps the most extraordinary omission of all is that of the father of the English novel—Henry Fielding. One of those who are responsible for the names selected, explained that "the official view was that fiction occupied a less exalted place in the hierarchy of literature than other branches, and was of a more recent growth." Unfortunately, the name is

not given of the author of this extremely fatuous statement. After all, Shakespeare and Homer and Molière and Dante and Milton all wrote fiction; and as long as the work is creative the mere incident of its being in prose or verse is of extremely little consequence; but the choice altogether illustrates the weakness of officialism.

We in this country have much to learn from Americans, and it is not entirely to our credit that the American Library Association should have been before us in the publication of a "Portrait Index." This work does for portraits what the Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature" does for the ephemeral essay. Few of us, who have had cause to make researches of any kind, have not had reason to be grateful to Poole. Frequently, too, the makers of books have urgent need of portraits to be used as illustrations. During the last ten or twenty years, periodical publications have devoted themselves very much to this kind of illustration, so that scarcely anybody of importance has failed to appear once or twice in the gallery of a weekly paper. The American "Portrait Index" has taken seven or eight years to put together, and it deals to a very large extent with English journals and magazines. It is described on the title page as an "Index to Portraits Contained in Printed Books and Periodicals." The number registered is about 120,000, and the number of persons 40,000. No doubt it will be added to in subsequent editions, but as it stands this monumental volume will be of great service to all who are engaged in literary work.

### THE IDEALISTS.

Men bade us stay, and lured us with visions of delight,  
With pleasant shining places and dancing day and night,  
But "Truth!" we cried, and crying went down into the fight.

The day is darkened o'er us, the squadrons sway and reel,  
And many a gallant spirit is trampled under heel,  
Yet still we hope that morning will victory reveal.

It may be night will whelm us before the day is nigh,  
And when men shout for victory we shall not shout reply,  
But fallen we are conquerors and living though we die.

Through all the heat and struggle we did not flinch nor bend,  
But kept our hearts within us uplifted to the end,  
And dying died together, true friend by stricken friend.

When at the long night's ending the morning trumpets blow,  
Weep not for us the fallen, but say, "They, happy so,  
Fell where they battled singing, their faces to the foe."

ROBIN FLOWER.

The Mayor of Plymouth, presiding at the first annual dinner of the "Sir Francis Drake" (Plymouth) Bowling Club, gave some interesting and rather surprising statistics about the growing popularity of this ancient game. He said that the returns showed that the number of games of bowls played on the Glasgow Corporation green last year was 119,118. A penny a game was the charge, and the total takings for the year were only four pounds less than five hundred. It is hardly necessary to say, and indeed the name appropriately chosen for the Plymouth Club is a sufficient reminder, that this Western town has a historical association with the game of bowls, although the game has fallen into disuse in the years between the Elizabethan period and our own in the West of England, and has been played a good deal more in the East and North of England, and especially in Scotland. Everywhere, however, it now seems to be regaining popularity.

Lord Willoughby de Broke last week sent us a letter too late for publication; the substance of which is so interesting that we venture to return to it now. Briefly put, the point is this. The Warwickshire Hunt Horse Show was unusually successful this year and produced a balance of £430, which the Committee propose to expend in the purchase of a thoroughbred stallion for the service of the farmers of the Warwickshire Hunt, to encourage the breeding of hunters. They had been asked to include polo pony classes in the schedule, but as the Show was originally started for the breeding of cart-horses and hunters, the introduction of polo ponies was discouraged. In the opinion of the Committee they are not suitable for the work on the farms. Hunter mares can be used both in cart and the harrow, and consequently are of more economic value to the farmer than polo ponies would be. It was also considered that if farmers embarked on polo pony breeding the profits would tend to go to the trainer rather than to the producer. The farmer knows how to deal with a cart-horse and a hunter, but he cannot train a polo pony. The conclusion arrived at, therefore, was that it was better that the energies of the farmers should be centred on the breeding of cart-horses and weight-carrying hunters as being two of the most useful and profitable types. The conclusion is a very proper one.

Mr. Thomas E. Colcutt raised an important question the other night at a meeting of the Royal Institution of British Architects, of which he is the president. He was referring to the architectural development of towns and suburban areas. As far as architecture is concerned they are at present in a state of chaos. Every owner is allowed to do practically as he likes, and the consequence is that houses may be seen jostling each other which show every variety of defect and excellence. Good, bad and indifferent lumped together form streets which the eye dislikes to look upon. Mr. Colcutt's suggested remedy was the formation of a Building Board which would have the oversight of all these matters throughout the country. It would supersede the Building Bye-laws, which have done so much in the past to injure British work, and yet it would be perfectly competent to see that all new houses are sanitary and comfortable. But this could easily be effected without the need of hard-and-fast rules, interpreted as they are now by officials who have had no training in architecture, and are obliged to go by rule of thumb. Were the matter in the hands of a Board, too, encouragement would be given to invention and improvement, as every builder would know that whatever he did intelligently would be intelligently dealt with.

In their review of the vintage of 1907, W. and A. Gilbey direct attention to a curious change that has taken place in regard to the consumption of sparkling wines. The French have found a new outlet, not indeed for their champagne itself, but for the material out of which it is made. Train-loads of freshly-gathered grapes are, during the period of each vintage, daily conveyed in increasingly large quantities to Germany, where the wine is made. One object attained in sending the grapes is that the high import duty on wine is avoided. In Germany, the consumption of sparkling wines has very greatly increased with the greater prosperity of the country, and the consumption is now more than 11,500,000 bottles annually, while only a very small quantity is exported. England, on the contrary, seems to be giving up sparkling wines. In spite of our increased wealth and population, we drink much less champagne than used to be the case. Why this is so is a question difficult to answer. It may be that the German nation, like the poor man who grows rich, shows a preference for champagne; while those who have been used to that elixir for a great length of time cease to care for it so much, and revert to simpler and less expensive liquids.

Among ideas that were supposed to be enlightened rather than superstitious is to be classified the opinion that forests and great woodlands have the effect of encouraging the fall of rain. How often has it been alleged that the destruction of forests in Great Britain has diminished the rainfall? Patient German investigation has gone far to show that this opinion is a mistaken one. Dr. Schubert of the Prussian Forestry School at Eberswalde, after studying forest influences in seventeen forest stations, comes to the conclusion that, although the woodland helps to preserve water in the ground after it has fallen, it has no effect whatever on the rainfall. Nor does it to any great extent influence the velocity of the wind, except in its immediate neighbourhood. At 164ft. there is shelter, and a perceptible decrease can be felt at 330ft. from the forest, but after that the velocity increases with increasing distance. These observations are calculated to upset many of the theories on which English timber-planting has been done.

In a good many districts the strenuous efforts made to restrict and prevent the fouling of rivers by pollution of different kinds are meeting with some success, but at the same time it seems that in the West of England this nuisance and cruelty are on the increase. It is not long since we were remarking on the injury to the fish which was being wrought by mineral washings allowed to go into the Taw. An instance of the ruin of what might be a good river is that of the Fowey in Cornwall, where several of the riparian owners have actually ceased to grant tickets for the right of salmon-fishing, which has become a farce in parts of the river affected by the washings of a certain copper-mine. Meetings of protest have been held, but the land-owners seem powerless, and it is very clear that further legislation is very badly wanted.

Even those least interested in natural history of all who live at the seaside, or visit it in the holiday season, must have noticed how greatly the numbers of the seagulls have increased during recent years. In no year has that increase been so noticeable as in the present one. This remark applies in the first place to the common kind of seagull, but in the North it is equally true of those skuas, the dark hawk-like gulls, which prey, in a parasitic way, on the others. All this is supposed to point to plenty of food for the gulls, in the shape of fish fry close inshore, and the fact that the gulls have been less inland, following the agricultural work, than usual is cited in further support of this

view. At the same time, the probable effect of the legislation for their protection, which must by now be beginning to bear a good deal of fruit, has to be taken into account, and we are obliged to face the question whether sea-bird protection is not, in certain instances, being carried a little too far for the best interests of the fishermen, as it is, perhaps, in the case of the land birds, for the best interests of the farmer and the gardener.

It is rather a sad spectacle, even for those who have the misfortune to be mere adults, but for the school child returning from Board School it must be an occasion of much more real and poignant grief, to see what a magnificent crop of blackberries is perishing this year for want of some autumnal, kindly-ripening sun. The hips, haws and holly berries, *et hoc genus omne*, which are popularly supposed to presage a hard winter when they are in quantities, are not in any immoderate abundance this year. Nevertheless, he would be both bold and foolish who would count, on these grounds, on a mild winter. Both the sloes and the blackberries have been very plentiful, and it is lamentable to see the masses of the latter red and sodden, never to be ripe.

#### PILOT.

Grey-muzzled comrade of so many shoots,  
You nose your placid way among the roots,  
And lay the gathered quarry at my boots.

To think that years ago they called you wild,  
A foolish thing, by waywardness beguiled,  
To discipline but faintly reconciled.

The rabbit's savour lured you to the chase,  
You bounded joyously about the place,  
To slink back afterwards in sore disgrace.

Age and experience modified your zeal,  
And brought you, as dependable as steel,  
Best of retrievers, soberly to heel.

Since then—I recollect it with a sigh—  
How often underneath the autumn sky  
We've tramped across the turnips, you and I:

Or, curbing our impatience as we could,  
How often on December morns have stood  
Under the corner of the leafless wood!

Alas! there comes, as I recite your praise,  
A presage of the parting of the ways,  
And dim forebodings of deserted days.

I look and learn—for when I feel afraid,  
I turn to watch you, philosophic, staid,  
Plying with steadfast industry your trade;

And see in you a beast of stouter cast,  
That wastes no vain regrets upon the past,  
But goes about his duty to the last.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

Purchasers of seeds ought to read with the greatest care Professor Finlayson's letter in *The Times* of Monday last. There are few who are able to speak with the same practical experience that he possesses, and when he says that cheap seeds are not only unproductive, but, in almost all cases, contain quantities of parasitic dodder, fungi and noxious weeds, he gives a very good reason why the buyer should exercise all the care of which he is capable. The British farmer has to remember that when foreign seeds are brought into this country and sold, it is without any guarantee of their purity. It has been suggested more than once that the Board of Agriculture would do well to establish a testing station, and subject all imported seeds to examination. In that case, anyone who bought the samples would at least have full opportunity of ascertaining the character of his purchase. Another obvious protection for the farmer lies in co-operation. When a number of men join together in order to buy on a large scale, this enables them not only to purchase at the lowest possible price, but to demand also a guarantee of quality and purity.

Professor Koch gave to German newspapers a very interesting account of his recent experiments in East Africa. He went for the purpose of investigating the cause of sleeping sickness; and with this object in view he resided for eighteen months on a desolate island belonging to the Sesse group, in the middle of Victoria Nyanza, with an Army medical surgeon as his only white companion. What he discovered was that sleeping sickness is propagated by means of insects which derive their nourishment from the blood of crocodiles; they suck it from between the plates of the animal's hide. Professor Koch does not consider that the extermination of the insect is possible, but suggests that this end may be attained by destroying the crocodiles, or removing the bushes and undergrowth where the animals lurk.



## COUNTRY CHARACTERS.



H. P. Robinson.

LABOUR'S DREARY PROSPECT.

Copyright

It had long been the wish of Angelica to try the seclusion of the country during that season of the year when the ordinary tourist stays in town and sportsmen meet in country houses. She disliked the phrase "a simple life," and yet wanted to make the acquaintance of people whose personalities were not overwhelmed in the conventionalities which civilisation brings in its train. After much searching a place for trying the experiment was found. It was one of a small row of houses that were let furnished in summer, but from which every tenant had departed before September had brought the lengthening night. Save for a maid servant she was alone, though there was an old-fashioned fishing village about two miles off, and later she was to discover small cottages hidden away in sheltered corners wherein the most unexpected tenants were to be found. But

this discovery came afterwards. Angelica still could without straining of speech be called young, that is to say, she was not—but why fix an arbitrary point at which youth and middle age are supposed to meet? And she was romantic, and growing more so. For you must have observed that while man inevitably sinks into the prose of life as additional years crowd on to the top of one-and-twenty, the flying years and seasons, long after they have begun to carry with them a crow'sfoot for the eye, a wrinkle for the forehead, a touch of rheumatism, a grey hair or so, bring to an unmarried woman an increasing yearning for romance. It is true that the word romantic has gone out of fashion, and Angelica would have preferred to have been called eclectic and intellectual. Did she not turn up her pretty nose at the merely popular authors, and carry



H. Bairstow.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

Copyright

with her the entire works of Maurice Maeterlinck in an English translation, for "you miss so much when reading the original," she would say, with charming ingenuousness. Her longing and yearning mind also treasured the writings of W. B. Yeats, and she read "The Shadowy Waters" looking out on a white tumbling autumn sea and hearing its persistent du'l sound mingled with the wind's softer and more melancholy tone. And all night long, sometimes with the crashing voice of

an avalanche, sometimes as soft as a mother's lullaby, the wind and the sea sang her to sleep. It was so pleasant that it is sad to chronicle disillusion. But Angelica had been spoiled by the comforts of suburban life. For a week or so her delight was real. "I positively love the sea," she wrote to her friend. Afterwards she became still more ecstatic; but that was when, her first rapture being over, she was making herself believe. And gradually there stole over her mind a sense of monotony in the dull sound of the breakers and a sense of melancholy as the wind, instead of blowing, and only blowing, with the indifference of all Nature, seemed to cry like the human souls Mr. Swinburne has pictured "by impassable streams." Like a wise woman, Angelica resolved not to let her sensitive mind be too much impressed, and sought distraction by seeking out the houses of the poor. On this particular subject Angelica was full of ideas. Indeed, the kindness that otherwise had perhaps found its most natural outlet in maternity had been enlisted for



A. De Silva.

## THE WAYFARERS' HOME.

Copyright

all the causes that promised relief of suffering either to man or the lower animals. She spoke with anger of the bearing-rein, her indignation against those who experiment on living animals was furious, and she belonged to a score of societies, each of which aimed at the alleviation of pain and the prevention of cruelty. Most of all did her sympathies go out to the poor labouring man. She had heard George Bernard Shaw lecture, and therefore knew the wrongs which society had to bear.

But her experience had been of men in the lump. She knew, or thought she knew, the labouring classes, but did not know the labouring man. They had appeared to her as masses and regiments, but in her genteel home there was little chance of



W. Pickering. THE VILLAGE COBBLER.

Copyright



W. Pickering. "THE COBBLER WAS A BACHELOR." Copyright

meeting them individually. But here accident soon began to thrust them on her acquaintance. One afternoon, for instance, she had strayed so far inland as to lose her way and was in very great perplexity, when she came upon a man who was sheltered behind some bushes for the purpose of lighting his pipe. At first her inclination was almost to run away, for the man, to all appearances, belonged to the order of tramps. The canvas bag in which he carried his oddments and the crooked stick with which he humped it on his shoulder lay at his feet and told their own tale. Yet the wanderer had no unpleasant expression on his face, and though his dress was old and worn he exhibited no outward sign of privation. His smile reassured Angelica, but he could not tell her the way



to Ocean View. "Not belonging to these parts, lady," he explained, and then he went on to tell her a tale which she thought most extraordinary and pitiful. Later she was much surprised and indignant when the local curate said he had heard it a thousand times before. But the pleasant-faced tramp—for he was nothing else—told her how he had got out of work in London, where he had been an engineer, and in his zealous and eager search for work had been marching North at the rate of thirty miles a day. "He must be a hero, he was so cheerful under his hardships," she told the curate, at which the latter only laughed dryly. "There's an inn about a mile from my lodgings, you may stay there all night at my expense," was her actual reply. But the man did not rise to this offer with alacrity, said he was too anxious to push on, might miss a job by stopping, but if she could spare a bob—"Take this," she interrupted, with a half-crown in her hand. With profuse thanks he passed on his way, yet not before telling her a view of the sea could be had from a neighbouring mound and thence she could make a bee-line home. No doubt he plunged into the



E. H. R. Hillsworth.

## THE OUTCAST'S SOLACE.

Copyright

among females there never cam' a better." Now this cobbler was a bachelor, and perhaps because he had once been wronged held all women in contempt, nay he even extended this to animals of the female sex. "It's but a female," he commented bitterly, when two men were trying to bridle a vicious mare at the inn and he had gone up to aid with a "Be quiet, you limmer; you and your kind were made to plague mankind." The mare turned her heels and narrowly missed dashing his brains out, afterwards seizing his shoulder in her teeth so that his friends had to pull her away,



Mrs. H. Bowles.

## A HAPPY TOILER.

Copyright

yet even in his agony he was heard to mutter "In time I'd ha' dooned her." Angelica came to the conclusion that he was a crosspatch, and was as angry as she could be at his maligning her sex. As to the man, she was sure he belonged to the ranks of the unemployed, and, even if he were "work-shy," she was sure that her guide and mentor, Mr. Bernard Shaw, could explain him as a logical result of our rotten social system. So also, no doubt, were the wayfarers who came in their waggons to the common; only the worst of it was that not one of those on whom she was eager to bestow the treasures of a compassionate heart was aware of his own misery. On one occasion she met a farm labourer whose toil began—and begins, for he may be seen this very day—at 4 a.m., when the horses are fed, and does not end till 8.30 p.m., when he does them up for the night. No

holidays, except every third Sunday when he is free after four in the afternoon, and Christmas Day. For twenty-three years he has gone on without relaxation. Martyr? Not a bit of it! but jollier and happier than scores of people who rest from noon on Saturday till Monday morning. This did not fit into any scheme of which she had heard or read, but the facts remained. Even the toiling, sorrowing line-fishermen along the coast were untouched by the gush of her sympathy—humanity in its hardest form had no "low sad music." So poor Angelica was very puzzled by her efforts to understand the people. Obviously paper and print had lied to her, and of the wind's song no authoritative interpretation had been given. Yet she had been with Nature and seen and felt, and never again was she to find herself in harmony with those town voices which sound not for the free air but the closet.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

LADY TENNANT has produced a striking and a very charming book in *The Children and the Pictures* (Heinemann). It is in no sense an imitation, although a hint for its inception has plainly been taken from Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan"; but, having once begun, Lady Tennant walks along her own path, and has produced something entirely different from Mr. Barrie's fine work. There is evidence in the book, if any were needed, that she has brooded long and thoughtfully over the pictures in the famous Tennant collection; and it was a happy fancy that induced her to cause her own actual children to mingle in their conversation with the immortal offspring of imagination, expressed in paint. The mechanism for bringing this about is simple and natural. Clare, Lady Tennant's daughter, forgets her doll one night, and runs downstairs to fetch it; but when she gets to the drawing-room the pictures have stepped out of their frames and are having a good time, while their mortal owners are supposed to be asleep. Mrs. Inchbald has come down out of the frame in which Romney placed her, and is writing at a table. Between her and the little girl a conversation arises, which, among other things, illustrates the difference in the attitude of ladies towards children in the time of Mrs. Inchbald and in the time of Lady Tennant. The dead writer asks rather sharply, "Why, I repeat, are you not in bed?" and the rebellious Clare "just stood and let her eyes grow as hard as Scotch pebbles, and she Scotch-pebbled Mrs. Inchbald with all her might." However, past and present get to understand one another in a kind of way, and begin to exchange experiences. Mrs. Inchbald tells how in the old days at Grosvenor Square there was a butler "with all the punctuality of a heavenly body surrounded by his satellites," and footmen who could be depended on to keep up the fires, to which comes the retort, "Yes, even in the very warmest weather, mother says. She doesn't like footmen, you know, except in palaces; she'd rather men were soldiers, or ploughed fields. She doesn't like to see them hand plates about, which women do far more prettily; besides, men stamp so, and blow down your back." Here, perhaps, Lady Tennant is speaking slightly in advance of her own contemporaries; yet we cannot help feeling a considerable sympathy with her dislike of footmen and butlers and men-servants generally. Probably in her own person she would carry her principles still further, and speak with disparagement, if not contempt, about the idea of strong men selling bits of ribbon and millinery in shops; such work as that is eminently suited to the feminine hand, and it would be well, perhaps, if there were more people of Lady Tennant's opinion. However, it must not be thought that, because half-a-dozen lines are devoted to a matter like this, the book is a preaching one. On the contrary, it is "of fancy all compact." Bim and Christopher and Clare soon mingle on equal terms with Collina and Beppo, Leslie, Dolorès and Fieldmouse and Rob. At their home in the country the children are accustomed to call in the village boys to play with them, that is, to storm their fortress and form the armies in which they delight. In the same way they are supposed in the hours of midnight to call the children out of their frames; but like the fairies they have to disappear at a given hour:

All the dear children to whom Bim had given cakes filed out into the passage. With her own astonished eyes, she saw them walk up to the Morland pictures, and disappear into them among the trees. They were "the apple stealers" and the "children playing at soldiers," and as she ran up to the pictures with all her heart in her eyes to look closer she was just in time to hear the sound of ineffable beauty when the wind blows softly among a myriad leaves.

"The Fortune Teller" begets the story of "The Children and the Gipsies," which carries us back agreeably to the time when Sir Joshua was alive. The comparison between the older and the younger generation is not always in favour of the latter. When the story is finished and the children are bounding along the passage, laughing and leaping, Mrs. Inchbald exclaims:

"La, child, what are you doing? Remember your minuet. That is not the way to move in a drawing-room, my dear."

Upon this the writer comments:

But Clare didn't know a minuet. She lives, it is to be deplored, in the day of barn-dances, kitchen lancers, and general slouchback deportment, when little boys walk with their hands in their pockets (a most ungentlemanly attitude), and little girls stand with their heads set on their shoulders as if they were Odol bottles, poor things, and made that way.

But the opinions expressed are not confined to these minor or side issues. Lady Tennant is led, in the course of her descriptions, to put many definitions into the mouths of the witnesses she has called from the frames. Thus Robert Mayne:

"Poetry, Madam, is the perception of what is beautiful, not the perception of what is humorous and sad. And I find this poetry in the pictures by Cotman, because he shows the wide sky, and the warm red earth and poplars topping the horizon. The limbs of trees, and the flights of clouds, and quiet field labour. Such pictures give a 'temperate show of objects that endure.' And this must please those who seek the perception of the beautiful. Can you compare such a picture to one that shows a village tavern, a debtor's prison, or an errand-boy? Equally true, you may reason. It may be. But beautiful—no."

Of course, all this is a little open to argument. The beautiful surely does not exclude altogether sadness or even humour, and to the eye that can see there is beauty even in "a village tavern, a debtor's prison, or an errand-boy." However, the authoress has been wisely economic of her art criticism. It is more interesting to find her introducing the children to some of the giants of the past—Dr. Johnson and his satellite, Sir Joshua himself, and, best of all, Harry Fielding with his cogitative nose. Lady Tennant has the courage to like this great writer, and not to conceal the fact from her children:

"Some day I shall read 'Tom Jones,'" said Clara to herself, "and I expect I shall like it as much as mother does."

One of the most agreeable sections of the book is that in which the children have their will, the will of children being, it is almost unnecessary to say, to hear about caves and smugglers and midnight doings generally; and quite a capital smuggling story their mother has provided for them, which belongs entirely to the time of the pictures. There is a subsidiary feature of this book which deserves attention. Lady Tennant has scattered over it a vast number of poetical quotations, and this forms a splendid tribute to the fineness of her taste. There is not a line we could wish away, and of the pieces generally it may be said that happy is the child who has to learn them early. To begin with, there is, as motto to the first chapter, a stanza from Beddoes:

If there were dreams to sell  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing bell  
Some a light sigh.  
That shakes from Life's full crown  
Only a rose-leaf down,  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell  
And the crier rang the bell,  
What would you buy?

And in the next page a bit of poetry from Herbert that rather contradicts the assertion that beauty has nothing to do with sadness; for it is that passage in which the most pregnant phrase is that: "Some had stuffed the bed with thoughts, I would say thorns." Of the others we can only enumerate a few, such as:

Holly stands within the hall, faire to behold;  
Ivy stands without the door, she is full sore a-cold.

Cold blows the wind to-night, sweetheart;  
Cold are the drops of rain.

The holly and the ivy  
Are both now fully grown  
Of all the trees in greenwood  
The holly bears the crown.



On this we have a delightful passage of appreciative criticism:

You may know the tune of these words, for it is to be found in the Carol Book. It is lovely, and when it comes to the lines—

*O, the rising of the sun,  
The running of the deer,*

there is warmth in the music, and the notes give the sound of light feet pricking through dry leaves of the russet floor of woodlands.

And surely it is good for children to get such lines as these into their heads:

*Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd  
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?*

The book of "Philip the Sparrow," though it was written in the fifteenth century, is well worth the attention of children of to-day, despite the fact that they would no doubt consider the spelling crabbed; and in conclusion Lady Tennant gives to her children this motto, which they might engrave in their hearts, and remember for ever:

*Endurance is the noblest quality,  
And Patience all the passion of great hearts.*

## FROM THE FARMS.

### POULTRY AND EGGS.

"POULTRY is arriving in large quantities and prices are not high." The sentence is taken from the market report of a well-known firm of London salesmen and accurately sums up the situation. November is invariably marked by a scarcity of eggs and an abundance of poultry; hence the former are very dear and the latter very cheap. It would be unreasonable to blame the British farmer for the fact that, at the beginning of the month, when eggs were quoted wholesale at 16s. 6d. to 18s. the long hundred (120), he had few for sale. It is impossible to secure a large supply of eggs in November; few pullets are yet laying regularly, and most of the older hens are resting after the moult; but more might be done by the reservation of early pullets, and these, if special attention is paid to them, should be laying in October. Many a shrewd poultry-farmer, too, has the knack of making his yearling hens moult early—it is principally a question of management—and the birds, if judiciously fed, will now be laying. Indeed, it is fairly obvious that if some poultry-keepers get a fair number

of eggs now, while their neighbours get none—a state of affairs which does exist—the latter are, in a measure, to blame for the bare state of the nest-boxes. But British poultry-keepers, and especially farmers, must be blamed for the fact officially reported that poultry is arriving "in large quantities" in the wholesale market. It happens every year; it occurs because poultry-keepers go on breeding too late in the season, because too many do it, and consequently we get a glut every autumn and cheap prices. When tolerably big and plump fowls cannot fetch half-a-crown, there is no profit for the producer, and this occurs at this season. Market fluctuations are often puzzling to the outsider, a week of bad prices being frequently followed by a sudden rise and then a sudden fall again. The reason is that the demand for poultry is always limited, and if the supply exceeds it, some consignments must go very cheap. Poultry is not a universal dish in this country; it is regarded as a luxury. In Belgium the working man on a feast day indulges in a *petit poussin*; in France all classes eat poultry to some extent; in the cheap foreign London restaurants the proprietor manages to give chicken—of a sort—in an eighteenpenny *table d'hôte* dinner. Considering the extent and wealth of our population we are not large poultry buyers; hence it is easy to glut the market, and our breeders will do it each autumn.

### THE SCOTTISH OUTLOOK.

It has happened, though seldom, that the harvest in the northern parts of this island has exceeded that of the southern, but we are afraid, for the sake of our Scotch friends, that nothing of the kind is possible this year. On the contrary, we hear the most dismal stories from the counties which, broadly speaking, lie north of Edinburgh. The wet stormy weather has been so excessive that the grain is still lying out on thousands of acres, although the farmers, hoping against hope, have kept their extra hands on in case a spell of fine weather should return. It is now, however, getting too late for anything of the kind, and we are afraid that while the English farmer will have at least one good season with which to counterbalance the losses of recent years, even this small grace will be denied to his Scottish co-worker. As it happens, the crop of roots in the North is also poor, so that there is very little to ameliorate the badness of the look-out. Meanwhile the tendency of all articles of farm produce is to increase in price, so much so that butter from Australia and Denmark has shown a very considerable advance in price during the last ten days; and it is probable that there will be a further increase. For the time being, indeed, all kinds of human food tend to go up in price, a condition of



A. Craske.

THE GREEN WELL-WATERED MEAD.

Copyright

things which, however bad it may be for the consumer, ought to be to the benefit of the farmer. Those of the South are undoubtedly reaping some benefit, but those in the North are not.

#### A NOVEL DISTRIBUTION.

Of late years we have been so much accustomed to associate agricultural shows with financial loss that it comes as a surprise to find that the committee of the Lincolnshire show had, after meeting all their obligations, £1,000 to dispense. This may, perhaps, be fairly considered as an effect of holding the show in the midst of such a very agricultural community as resides round and about Lincoln. Long ago Cobbett called it a land of beeves, and thanked God for having made such a county as Lincolnshire. Be this as it may, the guarantors of the fund, necessary to holding the show, contributed so freely that the sum we have mentioned was left over; and on the whole it will be admitted that the committee have made a wise use of it.



T. Richardson.

#### ON THE BLEAK AND STERILE CRAGS.

Copyright

Five hundred pounds has been given to the Corporation of Lincoln for their outlay on gas and water, another £300 to the Agricultural Benevolent Fund and £100 to the funds of the county show, which next year will be held at Sleaford. Many who have had the responsibility of organising and running agricultural exhibitions will envy the task that has fallen upon those responsible for the show at Lincoln. They will at the same time pay due credit to the excellent management which have made such a result possible, and a foundation has been laid for the welcome that will assuredly be given to the Royal Agricultural Society of England on the next occasion that it proposes to hold an agricultural show in the city of Lincoln.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

#### THE LAST OF THE SUMMER BIRDS.

**T**HE mild weather of October has induced a good many of our spring and summer migrants to delay their departure for warmer climates. On the 12th of last month I saw and heard a chiff-chaff in the garden of a Sussex coast town, while on the South Downs wheatears were still to be noted here and there as late as the 24th. Swallows and martins on the same date were still enjoying the late autumn sunshine in considerable numbers. The rough equinoctial gales of the preceding week (October 13th—19th) were, one would think, sufficient warning to these birds that summer, although lingering late in the lap of autumn, has really departed; yet they remain with us, as if determined to extract the last remaining crumbs of pleasure from their stay in England. The wiser birds have long since vanished, and these belated remnants of the great spring migration run sore risk of being severely punished by the first sudden snap of winter.

#### THE BLACK REDSTART.

The common redstart is, of course, no longer with us; but its place has already been taken by the black redstart, a purely winter visitant, which I saw for the first time on October 19th. The bird was searching for food at the foot of some tall chalk cliffs, and as it entered a deep hollow or small cave, my companion and I went forward to make a closer inspection. We almost surprised the neat little creature in its hiding-place, and it flew out within a few feet of our heads. The black redstart, once looked upon as

quite a rare bird in this country, is now fairly well known, especially in our southern and western counties. It comes to us in October and November, and remains till March or April. In this country the bird's attachment to the habitations of mankind is not so pronounced as in Germany, where it is to be noticed constantly in spring and summer in the towns and villages. Yet even with us Mr. Howard Saunders has recorded the appearance of one of these birds in the grounds of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, where it remained from November, 1885, until the snowfall of January 6th, 1886. In Germany, the black redstart nests frequently in the middle of towns, selecting such sites as castles, old walls, eaves, the shelter of dry boards, rocks, cliffs and occasionally holes in trees, near dwellings. In 1870, a pair made their nest in the interior of a cannon in front of the entrance of the castle at Württemberg; and Fridrich, the German naturalist, has recorded the case of a pair nesting and bringing out their young in the upper chamber of a new wing of a house six storeys high which he inhabited. In the courting season the male bird is extremely lively in his endeavours to attract the favourable notice of the hen bird, chacking and singing, displaying itself restlessly, and laying itself flat on the ground in front of her

with outspread wings and tail. Although extremely fond of the neighbourhood of mankind, the black redstart is in reality a shy bird, and exhibits little of the trust and daring of the robin in its dealings with human folk.

#### A SUSSEX EAGLE.

On Saturday, October 12th, while playing golf on the Willingdon Links, rather more than a mile from Eastbourne, the writer and several other players had the good fortune to witness the bold flight of an eagle across the ground. The bird was first observed beating systematically over a very steep downside, where, apparently, it was looking for a hare or rabbit. Failing in its quest, which was a careful and leisurely one, the great bird made its way across the golf course and flew towards the sea. It was too high in the air to allow one absolutely to identify its species, but it was certainly not an osprey, and as I was unable to discern any white about the head or tail, I conclude that it must have been either a golden eagle or a white-tailed eagle in immature plumage. It might, just conceivably, have been a spotted eagle, but this species is a distinctly rare wanderer to Britain, although in 1891 four were actually taken or shot in Suffolk and Essex between October 29th and December 16th. The spotted eagle is, however, a very considerably smaller bird than either the sea eagle or the golden eagle, and my strong impression is that the bird seen at Willingdon was too large for one of that species. The sight of so fine a raptorial thus hunting for prey over a Sussex downside and beating its majestic flight clear before the vision of a number of spectators was one as rare as it was interesting.

#### MIGRATION OF EAGLES.

All our British eagles are partially migratory birds and wander far over the world. At this, the autumn, season the osprey, for example, is a good deal on the move and is not seldom to be witnessed along the eastern and southern coast-line and in other parts of the country. Anciently, this bird was so well known on the Sussex estuaries that it was known by the country people at Cuckmere Haven, Newhaven and elsewhere as the mullet-hawk, from its habit of capturing these fish. Those ospreys thus seen on migration in autumn, usually in September and October, are probably moving to a warmer climate and a more favourable fishing habitat. The osprey is very widely distributed over the world, and is found at different times from Lapland to North Africa, the Red Sea, the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands. Eastward it is a familiar figure in many parts of Asia and Australia, while in North America it is quite common. The erne or white-tailed eagle similarly migrates South in autumn and is found in various parts of North Africa, the Canaries, India, Japan and elsewhere. The golden eagle, again, is very widely distributed, and is met with in such far-sundered parts of the



world as North Europe, Japan, North America (as far south as Mexico), Northern Africa, the Mediterranean, the Himalayas and various Northern parts of Asia. Probably from its habits it is, however, not of necessity so migratory a species as the two British fishing eagles, and its occurrences in England are, therefore, not nearly so common. The balance of probability would seem to indicate that the bird seen in Sussex so recently was an immature white-tailed eagle, faring slowly South on the autumn migration.

#### STOCK-DOVES.

These birds seem to me to be fairly common in the coastal regions of East Sussex, and, despite the peregrine falcons which frequently strike them down and make a meal of them, are to be found nesting in the same cliffs. These doves have, in fact, much increased in numbers in many parts of England during the last twenty years. They are far commoner with us than the "blue rock" or rock-dove, for which they are so frequently mistaken. Nevertheless, the latter bird is still occasionally to be seen along the Sussex chalk cliffs. Where trees are lacking stock-doves will pretty often lay their eggs in rabbit burrow, and the curious spectacle has even been observed of a ferret bolting these birds during a day's rabbiting. This handsome dove has for years past been steadily increasing its Northern distribution, and is now found in Sutherland, Ross-shire and occasionally even in the Orkneys and Snetlands. From these Northern habitats it goes South in winter, making its way to milder regions, and being found as far South as North Africa.

#### PIKE AND THEIR PREY.

Of what food will not the hungry pike partake? Those who indulge in the modern sporting fashion of hand-rearing wild duck are well acquainted with the losses sustained from these fresh-water sharks during the early days

of the young fowl, and are compelled to take measures against their enemy. All kinds of water-fowl suffer in this way, and the ranks of youthful coots, rails, moorhens and dabchicks are often depleted by the ravenous pike. A brood of no less than eleven young wild duck have been cleared in as many days by these fish during the rearing season, and the presence of a few brace of big pike in a piece of water is sufficient warranty that nesting wild duck will be robbed of many of their offspring. Even the stoat and weasel, those fierce little creatures, well able to defend themselves from almost all land enemies, are powerless against such a foe when swimming a stream or a lake, as they occasionally will do. A few years since such an instance was recorded. A stoat, driven out of a bunch of flags and grass by a shepherd's dog, took to the water. Before it had travelled many yards it was seized by a large pike and seen no more. Whether the fox is immune on all such occasions is uncertain. I know of no recorded instance of a pike seizing a swimming fox, but a 30lb. monster, if it chose to rise to such a bait, would, I imagine, have little difficulty in pulling its prey under.

#### WINTER IMMIGRANTS.

Gold-crested wrens, which are often called on the Yorkshire Coast "woodcock pilots," have made their appearance from North Europe, although the migration this year scarcely seems likely to reach the enormous proportions by which some rare seasons are made memorable. And the woodcocks themselves have made a good many landings here and there. No one can foretell a hard winter, try how he may; and we are therefore sublimely ignorant whether this is to be a good "cock" year or not. It is now more than a quarter of a century since that famous month of January, 1881, when the West Coast of Ireland swarmed with frozen-out woodcocks, and you could buy them for a whole week for from 4d. to 6d. a couple!

H. A. B.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S COLONIAL HOME.

SCATTERED all over the Empire—sometimes in most unexpected places—one finds retired officers of His Majesty's Army and Navy who have settled down and made for themselves English homes in lands where the horizons are larger and the life more free than in the Old Country. Nor could there possibly be introduced into the young communities a more desirable element, or one more likely to hold close the ties between the various parts of our widespread dominions. They are men who have generally learned in their years of service to accommodate themselves to the roughnesses inseparable from life in a new land, but they bear with them the manners and instincts of gentlemen, and their influence can be nothing but salutary on the societies in which they have chosen to live.

The photographs which accompany this article were taken on the estate of a retired captain in the Royal Navy on Vancouver Island, where he has lived for the last twenty-nine years. At the end of those twenty-nine years Captain Barkley, at the age of seventy-nine, is a magnificent specimen of an Englishman and a sailor—upstanding, vigorous and good to look upon, furnishing in his own personality abundant testimony to the



THE HOME IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

healthfulness of the open-air colonial life which has been his for over a quarter of a century, as well as, perhaps, of the years of sea service that went before. Vancouver Island is part of the province of British Columbia, the westernmost portion of the British dominions in North America, and when Captain Barkley first made up his mind to settle there he spent a year in looking about him and spying out the land, with the result that he finally decided to buy a farm of about 200 acres on the line of the Nanaimo and Esquimalt Railroad about forty miles from Victoria, the capital of the province. Of the 200 acres, 35 acres were cleared and fenced, all the rest being completely wild and heavily timbered, but land of the first quality, with 12ft. to 16ft. of good alluvial soil free from stones. There was some stock on the place, with indifferent farm buildings; but with his son and two young English friends the purchaser started at once to improve the property and make another kind of place of it—clearing, fencing, enlarging the house and putting up new farm buildings, which include one barn 60ft. by 40ft. by 45ft. in dimensions. Only occasionally was additional labour obtainable, but at



OATS ON CLEARED LAND.



HAY-CARRYING ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.

the end of five years—years of hard but healthy and thoroughly enjoyable work—the place had been immensely improved, and then an additional 265 acres were acquired close by, consisting entirely of uncleared land, such as is shown in one of these illustrations, with an excellent trout stream running through. The new property was fenced, still by the labour of the father, son and two friends (and it took 18,000 cedar rails to fence it), and made into a cattle run. The new house, which is also shown, was built, and, meanwhile, the farmwork and the clearing and improving of the property went on. When the new building was finished the proprietor took up his residence there with his daughter and son-in-law, turning over the original house and the bulk of the estate to his son. That estate is now a first-class property of over 400 acres of the very best land, with good buildings and a magnificent herd of red-polled Suffolk cattle, 150 sheep, horses, pigs, etc., besides orchards, farm and pasture land. The total cost of the land, with all improvements, cattle and other stock, was £2,500. The land and buildings, without any of the stock, are now valued at £11,000. In addition to the money invested, however, there has also gone into the property twenty years of honest work; but work which all who have participated in it declare to have been the chief element in the most enjoyable of lives. And that is a lesson which can never be preached too insistently, namely, that success is only to be achieved in any new land by those who are willing to work; but, by the unanimous opinion of those who have worked and succeeded, when it is done for the building

up of your own property in the wilderness (always provided that the wilderness has, as here, a good climate and agreeable natural features), the work becomes not a burden, but a delight. No one could visit Captain Barkley's place, or see or talk with him, without being assured that the life which he has made for himself is a good life.

The chief difficulty, here as in so many other places, is the scarcity of labour. That is a condition, however, which is rapidly improving, as an evidence of which may be cited the fact that when Captain Barkley bought his original farm he secured the establishment of a post-office with the appointment of himself as post-master. During the first few years the average monthly sales of stamps amounted to about 3s. Now they average some £3 10s. Chinese labour was at one time the best and most available; but that has for some years been practically unobtainable, as the result of legislation the wisdom of which is matter of dispute. Of late Japanese labour has been becoming abundant; but it is uncertain whether the supply of that may not also be



WHITE CEDARS.

cut off. There is an excellent opening for ordinary English farm hands, who are certain of steady work, good pay and pleasant surroundings. Whether for the gentleman of moderate means who desires a healthy open-air life and wishes to build up a fine property for himself, or for the man of yet more limited resources with some experience in farming (especially in fruit and orchard work), and with the small capital necessary to acquire fifteen acres or twenty acres coupled with a willingness to work, or for the farm hand, it is doubtful if any part of the Empire holds out better promise than does this country. The controlling factor in the climate of the island and of the neighbouring seaboard of the mainland of British Columbia is the Japanese Current, which, after sweeping across the Pacific Ocean, strikes the North American continent at this point and, washing the shores with its warm waters, so tempers the climate that, while a few hundred miles inland on the same latitude the temperature in winter is almost Siberian, here on the coast it has been justly compared to that of the South Coast of Devon. The west



A LONG WAY FROM HOME: THE HERD OF SUFFOLK CATTLE.



wind reaches the land laden with warmth, even in mid-winter, and so magical is its effect that when sometimes several inches of snow may have fallen during the night (though snow is comparatively infrequent here), a Chinook wind, as this west wind is locally called, will melt it in an hour or two. When the wind is blowing, one may see the westward face of a mountain snow-clad, and then watch it while the white mantle dissolves visibly before one's eyes, and the dark background of the vegetation-covered slopes emerges into view.



A WOODLAND ROAD.

The first mountain barrier inland, however, destroys the virtue of the Chinook, and eastward of the coast range its effects are comparatively little felt. Under the mild guardianship, then, of the Japanese Current and its breezes, Vancouver Island knows no extremes of heat and cold. It has a very heavy rainfall, counter-balanced by brilliant sunshine in summer, and is covered for the most part with dense timber, chiefly conifers, among which the Douglas pine and the American white cedar (*Thuja gigantea*) are the most conspicuous. Both of these trees grow here to an immense size, a height of 300ft. being nothing abnormal with the former, while its straight trunk rises with hardly more taper than a stone column to more than half the total altitude of the tree, being still sometimes 20ft. in girth at more than 100ft. from the ground. Unlike most regions of heavy vegetation, Vancouver Island enjoys an almost complete freedom from insect pests, venomous snakes and dangerous wild animals, while, on the other hand, it furnishes abundance of good sport both for the gun and rod. It is, in fact, a land where Englishmen find things much to their taste, and when Englishmen of the type of



A SIXTY-FOOT BARN: GETTING IN THE HAY.

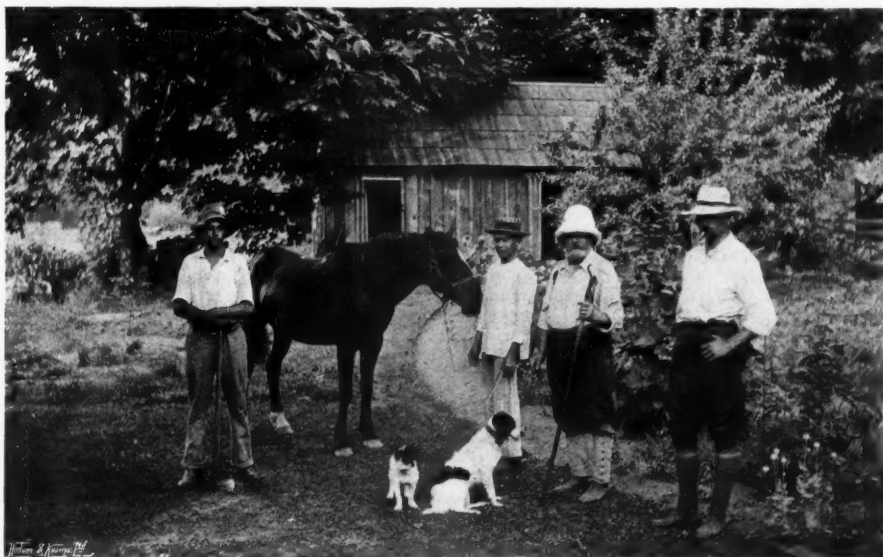
Captain Barkley go there to make their homes, they seldom fail either to prosper materially or to find health and enjoyment.

### HIGHLAND HOUSEKEEPING.

IN my previous description of how to make a hagg's, I quite forgot to include the suet (an equal part finely chopped), without which the dish would lose most of its richness. The most trying season for the Highland housewife is undoubtedly the early spring. Then the sheep are too lean to kill (unless home-fed), lambs are but curly little balls with black velvet feet and noses, fit for nothing but cuddling; rabbit, too, are out of season; and one is mostly dependent upon the salt beef or mutton cask. At this time the guest to a Highland home cannot bring a more welcome gift than a small roast of beef or even some lemons. What prosaic offerings! Later, say, in the middle of June, young meat abounds, especially veal, then lamb, and any quantity of young rabbits. Where goats run wild on the hills it is not unusual to capture a kid early in the spring. The meat, however, is insipid, and a very poor substitute for mutton. Of course, for emergencies, there is always a well-stocked poultry-yard, and when some unexpected and welcome guest suddenly turns up by road or sea (without the "roast"), it is a common occurrence to kill, pluck, truss and cook a fowl before it has time to realise what has happened. When so treated, the flesh is as tender as if the bird had hung for a week. Then, with cream from the dairy, and eggs galore (possibly cured ones), a sumptuous repast can be placed before the hungry traveller, the fowl garnished with

home-cured bacon, accompanied by home-grown potatoes, possibly a dish of green peas or beans bottled last summer, and, to complete the feast, the little black flask, somewhat resembling Sarah Gamp's teapot, which, you will remember, contained the real "usquebaugh," to be taken when she felt "so disposed." About this time, also, cod-fishers visit the shores, and a good fish of some 14lb. can be bought at the door for 1s. I sigh in vain when I am now asked to pay 8d. or 10d. per lb. for the same kind of fish, only not so fresh.

You may possibly have heard of "braxy" mutton. This highly-flavoured meat is to be



THE OWNER OF THE ESTATE AND HIS STAFF.

found hanging in most Highland kitchens among the rolls of bacon and cured mutton hams. It is the flesh of young sheep which have died on the hills, and, consequently, have not been bled. They are, as a rule, the best and fattest of the flock, but, returning from the rich pastures of the South (where they are sent to "winter") they cannot digest the wet coars: hill grass, and die in large numbers soon after their return. The flesh is dark in colour, and tastes rather like venison. When fried with bacon it is eaten with great relish, even by strangers. Formerly pork was an article of food avoided by Highlanders with as much rigour as by the Jews, but now, thanks to the energy of well-known farmers and breeders, the small thorough-bred Berkshire pig is to be found on nearly every croft, and bacon forms a welcome change to the crofter's perpetual fare of herring and potatoes. Returning home in the post-cart one day, I was much disturbed by sundry bumps against my feet, caused by what looked like a fat sack rolling about on the floor of the cart. The postman was much amused at my distress, and explained that it was only "wee Mistress Campbell getting a bit ride." Mistress Campbell (so nicknamed because the "boar's head" is the Campbell crest) was the "pig in a poke" that had troubled me, and there was nothing for it but to tuck up my feet and leave the floor to the rolling, grunting passenger.

Moving about the country either on foot or horseback, driving or sailing, there was often an opportunity of gathering food. In the mushroom season, for instance, I would wander for hours, forgetful of hunger or fatigue, shouting for joy when I pounced upon a cluster of the whitey-brown fungi scattered among the grass; or, again, after a steeplechase over bog and burn, I would groan with disappointment to find I had been struggling up to a piece of white driftwood or a stone. Then, again, blackberrying is fascinating: miniature warfare among the fierce old briars; triumphant procession home with the captive berries, ourselves wounded and torn, and everywhere stained with the juice of our victims. Carrageen or Irish moss is found at very low tide below the seaweed far out over slippery rocks; delicious little clumps of red-brown seaweed, so different from the common kind. It is pulled and spread out in the sun, then watered daily until it is bleached white and stored for future use. Boiled in new milk with sugar added, when strained it makes a delicious blanc-mange with a faint taste of seaweed. It is highly nutritious, and especially recommended by doctors for consumptive patients. In summer, wandering through cool woods carpeted with flowers, and pushing aside the bracken, shoulder high, we find the dear little wild strawberry, and, later on, the tiny purple blueberry (sloe in English, I think), which makes a delicious winter cordial. In autumn the ripe red berries of the mountain ash or rowan (which, by the by, is the Malcolm badge) are pulled for jelly, which is preferred to red currant by sportsmen, when taken with venison, mutton, or hare. Nutting is another autumn amusement, and really, apart from the gain, the healthy excitement and fine climbing and searching after the nuts make them far more precious than if purchased in a shop. As space is valuable I must not linger, but will call your attention to the large open receptacle usually found in a Highland kitchen and called the ginal (I really do not know if the spelling is correct). It is divided into two large compartments, each holding about a sack—one for oatmeal and one for flour. Twice a week oatcakes and scones are baked, and these appear at every meal. "Baker's bread" is only used on rare occasions, and as it travels by boat from Glasgow and only arrives once a week (weather permitting), it is often coated with blue mould and only fit to cut up for toast. Baking in the oven is always a doubtful matter with an open fireplace, and as "necessity is the mother of invention," we used often to roast or bake our joint in the big round pot, hung by a swivel over the fire, gipsy fashion. On rare occasions I have resorted to this method for baking a plum cake, with very good results. Oh, I could enlarge upon the spoils of the forest—woodcock by the frozen burn, game on the moors, deer trampling down the corn, alas! Then there is the home-grown, home-spun, dyed and woven wool for clothing, which, thanks to the Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies, has become so fashionable. I should like to expatiate upon its durability and comfort; but time presses, I must e'en come "South" with my thoughts, which have dwelt too long on the "Isle of Mull behind the mist." M.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### PEACHES OUTDOORS.

WE think there is a general agreement among fruit-lovers that a good Peach is pleasant to eat at all seasons, whether it comes from a glasshouse or an open wall. For this reason the following hints from a correspondent may be useful to the readers of these weekly notes: "I suppose that no fruit is so acceptable in the late summer months as a ripe Peach, the culture of which cannot be made too widely known. Success is best attained when a south wall is available, for Peaches revel in sunshine, and it is difficult to ripen either the wood or the fruit when the trees are in any other position but south. Much care is necessary in the preparation of the soil in which the trees are to be planted, especially if the natural soil does not contain lime. Much also depends upon the subsoil. During my thirty years' experience I have had to deal with all kinds of soil, but none suits Peaches better than a fairly stiff retentive one. On a chalky subsoil, lime is an absolute necessity; therefore, if it is not present, it must be procured, using it at the rate of a barrow-load to a cartload of good stiff loam. The latter should be well chopped up with a spade and sufficient burnt refuse or wood-ashes added to make it open. Dig out a hole about 4ft. square and 3ft. deep where the tree is to be placed, then put in a good layer of brick rubble for drainage, that is, supposing the subsoil is such as does not admit water. Cover the drainage with some sods and fill in the remainder of the hole with the mixture, allowing about 12in. in which to arrange the roots. The tree having been placed in its position against the wall, with the ball of soil resting in its new bed, manipulate every root so that each is independent of its neighbour and free to wander at will horizontally. Finish up by leaving a basin-shaped hole round the stem, and in this give a good soaking of water; leave it to settle down.

### WHEN TO PLANT AND PRUNE PEACHES.

"Planting should be done, if possible, at once, so that the roots can make a little headway before winter weather. The system of pruning is not so simple to the amateur as that of most other trees, the reason being as follows: With Apples and Pears it is necessary to cut back the young wood in restricted trees to but three or more eyes, as the case may be; these spurs then form what are called fruiting buds and leaf buds; but in the case of the Peach only the young wood requires thinning out, leaving for preference those growths which are the thickness of a goose-quill—if thinner the fruit is usually poor, and if thicker it generally falls off; but should the growth be very strong, it denotes the presence of tap roots and absence of fibres. These should be attended to immediately the leaves begin to fall, for without plenty of fibrous roots it is useless to expect good fruit. To root-prune successfully it is necessary to undermine the tree in such a way that the soil about the roots is not loosened, and at a reasonable distance from the stem. As each thick fleshy root appears, carefully cut it through with a sharp knife and fill in the gap made by excavating with a liberal addition of new maiden soil. If the work is carefully done and no roots are bruised, it will be found that where each one has been pruned new fibres will spring away to take at once to the new soil. This is the only way of checking strong growth. When Peach trees are old and well established, it is an excellent plan to slake a quantity of lime and scatter it over the border, covering this with horse droppings and litter. The spring is the most critical season for Peaches grown outdoors, for they usually expand their flowers very early, and at a time when cold winds and frosty nights are frequent. A temporary covering should be at hand by which the pollen can be protected. When this is chilled or frozen the fruit seldom sets.

### A SYSTEM OF PROTECTION

is a double thickness of fish-netting. This can be left on in the daytime, and admits plenty of air and sunlight. No artificial method is necessary in the fertilising of Peach flowers. The action of wind and rain is sufficient, and I never have cause to regret not using the rabbit's tail or camel-hair brush usually brought forward by many growers. The flowering and setting season is one of great interest, and great care must be taken; it is then that the trees tell you whether they have been treated properly for some months previously. If they have been too dry at the roots in autumn, it is at this period that the growth buds as well as the fruit buds have an unpleasant way of saying 'We'll have no more of it,' and fall off, never to be replaced. However, if the trees are carefully tended this will not occur, and as the growth extends and the leaves expand, it is then that they require careful fingers the most, for what is termed 'disbudding' is necessary. This is a great thing in Peach culture and requires much thought. When the growths have reached the length of the little finger, they should be gradually thinned. It is best to do this at intervals of a few days, taking away first only those growths which have a tendency to grow outwardly or inwards; these, of course, are not required if a well-trained tree is to be expected. The next thinning should be one here and there of those that remain, bearing in mind that the top one and that nearest to the base of the shoot should eventually be left. These on no account should be removed. By reducing the numerous little growths by degrees, no great check is given to the flow of sap, which must be very rapid at the disbudding season. The tree goes on enjoying its freedom of growth satisfactorily, and with only the really requisite number of growths to build up the tree for the future.

### VARIETIES TO PLANT OUTDOORS.

"It is not a good plan to choose very late sorts, for these are seldom of much use for dessert. It is far better to select such as Rivers' Early or Hale's Early for the first picking, Alexander Noblesse and Royal George for second and Prince of Wales and Barrington to follow. A well-matured Peach tree will carry and ripen successfully a fruit at every square foot and even a little closer; but if really good fruit is desired it is wise not to overcrop. In my opinion a Peach tree should never be without moisture at any period."

### THE SUN ROSES OR HELIANTHEMUMS.

A correspondent writes for information about these delightful little flowers, which open to the sun for many weeks in the year. We were looking at a mass of them recently on a dry sunny bank, and flowers still lingered to bring thoughts of summer to one's mind. One who knows this family as well as anyone says they are in danger of neglect in these days, and this is true. It is well, therefore, to write of them here, in the hope that their cultivation will be more ardently pursued. Helianthemums, as this authority writes, are some of the showiest and most brilliant of dwarf shrubs. Just now, when alterations and additions are being made in gardens, a reminder of these virtues may induce some planters to introduce a few of the best of them to their gardens. They are not difficult to accommodate, provided they have a well-drained and as sunny a position as possible. Shade and stagnant soil they cannot bear. They can be used to furnish ledges on the rock garden, for planting in patches in front of the herbaceous border, or even in masses by themselves. The soil for these does not need to be very rich, and certainly it need not be very poor; a sound sandy loam is as good as anything. The kinds can be increased with the greatest readiness by cuttings, which should be taken when they are quite young and succulent, and given a brisk bottom-heat; a few days will suffice to root them. Sun Roses are, of course, most beautiful in the morning. As the day advances the flowers close, to be followed by a fresh display the following morning. Some of the red sorts, however, like Fireball and Magenta Queen, are frequently open in the latter part of the afternoon. The varieties of the common Sun Rose—itsself a British plant—range in colour from crimson, red and yellow to white, and there are both single and double forms. Besides the two mentioned the varieties croceum and serpyllifolium (yellow), mutabile (rose), hyssopifolium (coppery red) and macranthum (white and yellow) should be grown. There are also double-flowered sorts of most of these. Of the species distinct from *H. vulgare*, *H. formosum* is, perhaps, the most beautiful. It is a spreading dwarf shrub, not more than 2ft. high, has grey-white foliage and large bright yellow flowers with a black spot at the base of each petal.



# STAG-HUNTING IN THE WEST.

THE chase of the red deer differs from fox-hunting in this, that the deer is the chief interest of the chase. In the fox-hunt, so long as there is a fox on foot, and a scent to hunt him by, we care little about our quarry; most of us never see him. The chief points of interest are the working of the hounds and the quality of the hunt from the riding-man's point of view. But when we go stag-hunting, the wild red deer being our quarry, we desire to see the stag, to learn something of his ways and to trace out the shifts and wiles by which he endeavours, not seldom with success, to escape. The other factors of the chase—the skill of the huntsman and the steadiness and perseverance of the hounds—are subsidiary to the interest felt by the majority in the stag himself. For one thing, the Exmoor red deer is perfectly wild; he has not even the modified domestication of the stag of the park or enclosed chase. He is free to live his own life, to wander where he will, and has learned from the time he was a tiny spotted calf at first by obedience to his mother,



H. E. Hatt.

BRINGING OUT THE PACK TO LAY ON.

Copyright.



H. E. Hatt.

IN THE WOODS AFTER A SNOWSTORM.

Copyright

of his own wits. All his senses are as acute as only those of a wild animal can be—the sensitive nostrils, which telegraph natural Marconigrams to his brain, the quick ear turned this way and that to catch the least sound, and the magnificent strength and vitality in which he trusts, sometimes to his undoing. For an old stag will now and then disregard and neglect the wiles which are his best chance of escape, and gallop straight onward for miles. Then, if there is a scent—and there is generally enough on the yellow grass of the forest, and still more on the heather of the moor—his doom is almost certain. And the doom of the boldest stag and its dramatic circumstance are set before us in the pictures which illustrate this article. I have never seen any more true to life. Look at the one where is shown the stag, a beautiful beast with a fine head, the brow bay and tray, and two and three atop, which mark the warrantable deer that may by the unwritten laws of the chase be hunted. It is exactly thus he stands when he can run no further. Artists sometimes depict the stag at bay with lowered head like an angry ox. But this is wrong. Note the graceful

attitude, the proud poise of the head, the mighty neck. (It is early in the season, or he would have a rough frill of hair on his neck.) Note, too, the respectful distance at which the leading hounds—all that have come up—are baying at him. Only young and foolish ones go near, for he is quite ready for combat, and I have seen a rash hound pinned by one sideward sweep of the antlers. In the next picture more hounds have gathered, summoned by the well-known notes of the bay, and they have, confident in numbers, come nearer. The stag has moved into deeper water; his adversaries must swim, while he can stand firm. As the pack gathers closer and closer the puppies, bold with excitement and inexperience, begin to close in. Then the stag plunges forward and strikes at the nearest with his feet. The sharp hoof gets home, and the hound is promptly stunned and drowned. But, nevertheless, the roar of the pack tells on his nerves, until he seems as if he could bear it no longer, and he plunges into deep water and swims down. This is the hounds' chance. As he swims they are behind him. Some older hounds are galloping along the bank ready to spring when they see a chance. Presently they will overtake him, scramble on his back and he will roll over. A hunted stag drowns at once—almost instantaneously, as it seems to me. I once found myself alone



H. E. Hatt.

CUZZICOMBE MOOR GATE: FULL CRY.

Copyright.



H. E. Hatt.

AT BAY.

Copyright.

with some hounds and a hind; they had rolled her into a narrow stream. To dismount was but the work of a moment; she was only a step from the bank, but when I reached her she was dead, and not a mark on her brown hide.

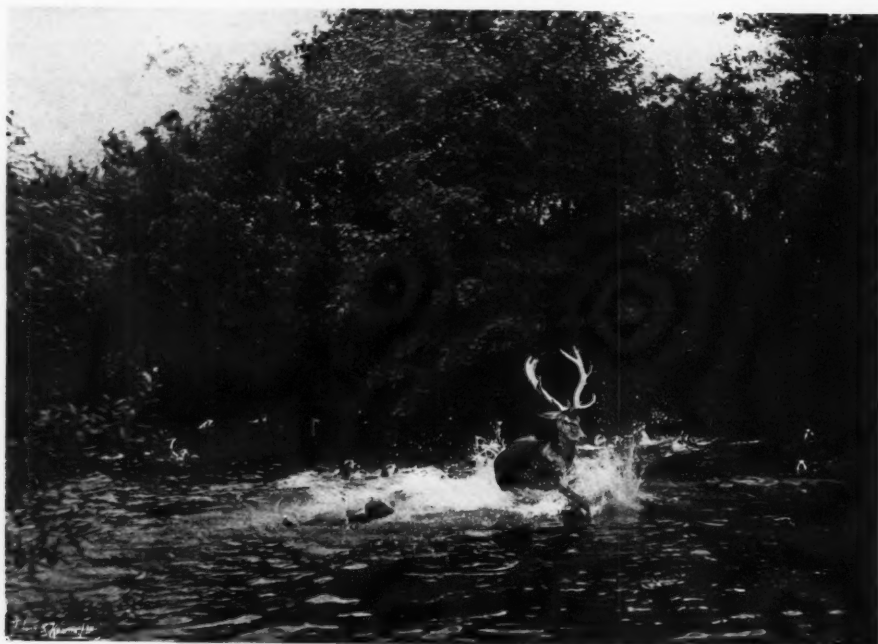
In the instances from which the photographs were taken the stag was in the Exe, and, it will be noted, in such a position that no man could reach him. But what more often happens is that the stag takes up a position with his back to a high bank. The huntsman or whipper-in casts a rope over his horns, the keen hunting-knife ends his career mercifully, and willing hands drag the deer to shore and the time-honoured division of the spoils takes place—the head to the Master, the venison to the farmers, the heart, liver and skin to the huntsman, the entrails to the hounds, and the slots to those who desire a memorial of the chase. More pictures give us various incidents of the chase—Mr. Ian Amory crossing a flooded stream, the Haddeo, angry with a winter spate; he is here and in another picture shown in the season of hind-hunting, a sport that needs courage and hardihood when winter winds and winter floods have to be contended with. But I think Exmoor is even more beautiful in winter than in summer, and hind-hunting, a sport only so far discovered by few except local



H. E. Hatt.

INACCESSIBLE FROM THE BANK.

Copyright.



H. E. Hatt.

STAG JUMPING ON A YOUNG HOUND.

Copyright.

sportsmen, like the Hancocks, one of the most fascinating of winter pastimes. The sweeping winds, the driving rain—it is worth facing them all to follow the chase of the hind, so varied and so exciting.

Hind-hunting is less picturesque than stag-hunting, but it is better sport. I am in most matters of sport a conservative; but I think the faster hounds and sharper methods of modern hind-hunting have improved the sport. But you require two horses out to enjoy it; every practicable yard you want to be with hounds. The other pictures belong equally to all forms of hunting the red deer, whether stag or hind be the quarry. The hounds stopped in the gateway while the deer is being separated from a herd, into which the hunted one has run, is one subject; the eager pack, who know what is coming, being released from the barn, where they have been whining impatiently for an

hour or more, is another. When the hunted deer can, it makes for company; but a stag meets with scant sympathy from his fellows. I have seen them fairly push the hunted one out of the herd, while the hinds will close round their sister and gallop away with her in their company. The pictures accompanying this article are taken of events in the Tiverton country, and are scenes with the staghounds of the Amory family, to whom the people of the pleasant Devonshire town owe alike their sport and their prosperity. Mr. Amory is a noted man of business and affairs and he has made the pack of hounds he hunts. Sir John Amory's Hounds were established in 1896, and hunt a country partly lent by the Devon and Somerset, but chiefly made up of those districts outside the traditional limits of the Devon and Somerset which the red deer have invaded of late years, and where for a time they lived and multiplied in peace. The deputy-Master is Captain Heathcoat Amory, a brother-in-law of Mr. Stanley, who has just brought a successful season with the Devon and Somerset to a satisfactory conclusion. Of the hounds we need say little; they are made up of drafts from many kennels, Belvoir, perhaps,



predominating, for the descendants of Weathergaze, as they make the best fox-catchers, are also of most service in hunting red deer.

## A PATCH OF GORSE.

THERE grows upon the hillside opposite my cottage a large patch of gorse—a continent with gulfs, bays, headlands and peninsulas, and with islands dotted around its irregular outline. To the eyes of the economist it is little better than a mere waste. Yet the autumn wheat upon the level above the steep will not ripen into a splendour comparable with the glory of the furze in spring, and even the wood that slopes down to overhang the brook in the valley below can scarcely offer a richer variety of charm and incident. Very early in spring, when clumps of primroses begin to open in warm corners and on sheltered banks, and anemones sprinkle the wood, the large flocks of linnets that have been roving from fallow to fallow in search of seeds, or lingering on uncultivated lands near to the coast or wintering abroad, break up and return to their chosen nesting-places. Here and there the patch of gorse is already spangled with the golden blossoms which do not altogether cease throughout winter. There is no place the linnet loves so well, and very early in the season the air is filled with song. For he is the liveliest, gladdest little fellow, as he flits to and fro above the clumps of furze and perches on the highest spray to sing. So many breed in this patch of gorse that the music never ceases; and by the time mating is over, and the nests built, the whole hillside is one mass of gold. You need not search far to find a nest. There is one in almost every bush, cunningly hidden and shaded from the heat of noon under a cool green canopy, for the yellow flowers look out and up at the blue sky. With its outside of dried fibres and bents of grass, and a lining of sheep's wool from the hedgerow bramble, thistle-down from the hill and hair from the trunk of the solitary old oak in the homefield, the nest is scarcely distinguishable from the pale stems upon which it rests and the dead bough below covered with hay-coloured spines. Thus concealed from above and protected around by hundreds of thousands of spikes, the early brood of linnets hatches into a paradise of flowers sweet with fragrance and merry with the humming of bees. Until late in summer the father linnet continues to sing. Indeed, he is one of our most persistent singers, silent only for a few weeks during harvest-time. When in autumn old birds with their young broods begin to congregate and seek the stubbles, where they pick up the seeds of weeds, and particularly of the ubiquitous

you speak of his carmine head and breast, ten to one the average listener will smile. Yet, from the time when he comes to the gorse in spring, all through the summer the cock linnet becomes brighter and brighter. This gradual change is brought about by the wearing away of the fringe at the edge of the feathers, and the majority of birds, by the time that moulting draws near, are wearing caps and waistcoats of a rich brown-red colour. Some, however, attain to an unusual brilliancy. When the yellow flowers of the gorse have matured to little,



H. E. Hatt. MR. AMORY CROSSING A FLOODED RIVER. Copyright.

hairy, mouse-coated pods peering out of dry, yellow-brown sepals, and the whole patch has put on a rusty look, if you should catch sight of a first-class dandy of a linnet perched on a top-most spray, with a background of blue sky or the leaden grey of a thunder-cloud, you will see that the top of his head is blood red and his breast as bright as a ruby.

The patch of gorse on the hillside is a paradise for rabbits. You may kill them in the winter until none is to be seen; and, when the hounds run it through in the early part of the year, they find a fox for certain, although you scarcely catch sight of a scut on the whole hillside. But some are hidden in the big burrows, which hold as many tenements as a city alley, and others come in the quiet of a still night to so eligible a dwelling-place as the patch of gorse. By the time the linnets are nesting in the bushes you will see a family of young rabbits on the sand-heaps at the mouth of many a hole, and may sometimes catch with your hands an adventurous infant which has wandered too far from home. When young birds are just fledged and beginning to take uncertain flights from bush to bush, the population on the ground floor has increased as if by miracle. And later, when you may hear the pods crack and shed their seed in the heat of a summer afternoon, towards the cool of evening rabbits of all sizes swarm out upon the slope. Then, if you have a mind for a quiet walk with a gun, you may get many a shot as they scurry back to cover at the sound of your step. But the early morning is the better time. Moist with the dew, the ground is silent, and all living things in the quiet of the hours after summer dawn, before men are stirring, are less alert than at dusk, when the village is most alive. My patch of gorse is the glory of the holiday schoolboy newly promoted to his first single-barrel; and if the gorse be a waste, that is not altogether the fault of the gorse. Protected by its spikes except when very young, it is safe from the browsing of everything that bites or pulls. Yet these uncompromising prickles become food for all kinds of stock, if only

they be made possible as fodder by being chopped and bruised. The patch of gorse on the hillside, however, has only its beauty to boast of, and that for me is a sufficient recommendation. Higher it grows and more ragged, wilder in the head and more and more shabby below, until at last somebody, it may be in mischief, sets a match to it on the windward side. Then it crackles and burns with flames as high as a house, and if it be night the blaze may be seen for miles. But you cannot easily kill the gorse. Green and crisp it comes again, and the tender shoots are eagerly eaten either by sheep or cattle.

WALTER RAYMOND.

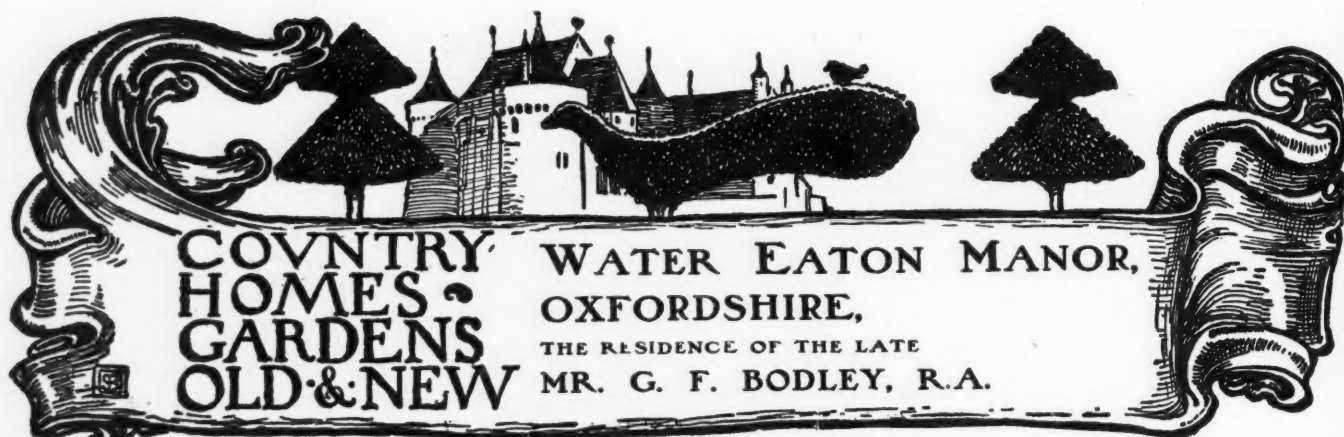


H. E. Hatt.

HE TURNS TO SWIM.

Copyright

knot-grass and the charlock that persists for ever, in company he finds his voice again. And on a warm winter afternoon towards sunset, the whole congregation, when they have assembled on their roosting-tree, will twitter and sing in chorus until the night comes on. Very few people have seen the cock linnet at his best. The quiet-coloured little prisoner, who so quickly becomes tame in captivity, bears no closer relation to what he might have been in freedom than does a convict's garb to the uniform of a Grenadier. Only the observer of bird-life seems to realise what a brilliant creature he may sometimes be. If



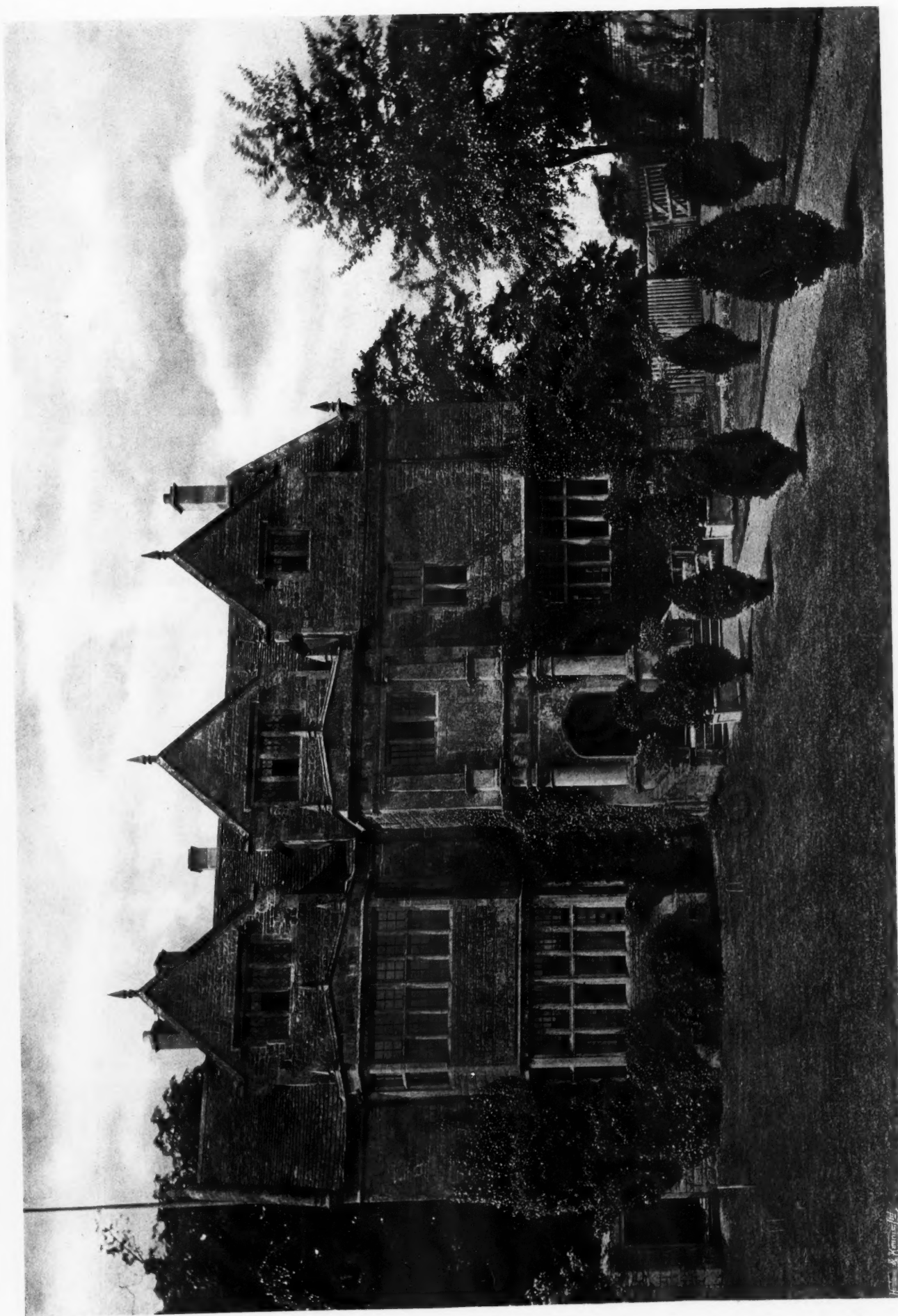
**T**HE loss which architecture has recently suffered by the death of one of its most capable exponents, has brought to our minds the charming old-world home which he inhabited and renovated in recent years, and amid whose grey walls and amiable gardens he passed away on the 21st of last month, in the eightieth year of his age. This is no place to give a life of this eminent architect, whose character was as much appreciated by his friends as are, by the public, the many fine churches and civil buildings which he erected or repaired during half a century of professional activity, and some appreciation of which was included in these pages only a fortnight ago. But it is noteworthy that his interest in Oxford was by no means limited to his possession of a neighbouring residence. His connection with the University began more than thirty years ago. While Butterfield was revelling in his strange brick patternings at Keble, while the Scots were busy with new buildings at New College and elsewhere, and while Jackson was setting aside Gothic for Renaissance forms at the New Schools, Bodley had in hand the difficult and not altogether grateful task of repairing and improving without, however, completing the unfinished mass of Wolsey's great quadrangle at Christ Church. He broke the flatness which the eighteenth century had imposed upon the arrested inner

elevations by replacing them in the condition in which they had originally been left; that is, he showed on the walling the sping of the intended cloisters, and built the great projecting bases on which their outer piers and buttresses were to have rested. To build the cloisters themselves was beyond the resources of the college at a time when agricultural depression was beginning to be felt; but he was enabled to carry out his design of a low but somewhat richly niched and turreted tower, to take the place of the timber and blue slate covering of the great staircase of the hall, which had much outlasted its attribute of "temporary." From Christ Church he passed to Magdalen, where the great range of new building which he designed in conjunction with his partner, the late Mr. Garner, is quite among the best of the additions which the Gothic revival has given to the University.

During the long and numerous professional visits which he must have paid to Oxford during these years, he would probably have first heard of and seen Water Eaton. It was the time when Ruskin was lecturing and arousing general interest—even in the undergraduate mind—in the beauties of both Nature and Art. He it was who first led many a University fledgeling to the fields, to the observance and enjoyment of the landscapes which, in the old-world county of Oxford, owed their charm not so much to







"COUNTRY LIFE."

EAST FRONT.

Copyright



Copyright.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE MANOR HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the grandeur and diversity of Nature as to the works of many generations of men. Ruskin himself, with his somewhat exaggerated predilection for and advocacy of Gothic forms, would have had us rather limit our admiration to the churches, as being the only edifices representing his exclusive style, but to many of us, even then, the Renaissance manor houses offered greater interest. Of them, Oxfordshire presented an inviting series. The desire to possess and renovate them had not yet arisen, and many were used as farms and were decayed, if not ruinous. In the latter state was Hampton Gay, once a most stately house, then a mere shell, having been burned out under suspicious circumstances, as the cottage neighbours thought who had heard ghostly waggon-loads of furniture roll by in the nights previous to the fire; of the former was Yarnton, at that time in a sad state of neglect and wreckage, but since brought back to dignity and good condition under the advice of Messrs. Bodley and Garner, as the illustrations of it in these pages two years ago fully showed.

Smaller, but more charming and in better condition, was the little manor house by Cherwell's side which is the subject of the accompanying pictures. All the three manors mentioned lie within a few miles of each other, and to the north of Oxford; but Water Eaton had this added amenity, that it might be reached by field-paths over pleasant meadows, among which the manor house stood, with its principal elevation facing the river, which, after leaving Kidlington, travels eastward to Islip, whence it returns sharply to Water Eaton, which thus stands on the edge of a large peninsula, whose neck may once have been a subsidiary water-course and thus formed the island which gives a name to this tiny township of 1,500 acres and five-score souls. The presence of even this small population is not felt, nor are their habitations seen by the casual pedestrian who has strolled out of the city to the manor house; but their existence accounts for the little church—or, rather, chapel, for Eaton is not a full-fledged parish—which appears in several



Copyright.

NORTH-EAST GUEST-HOUSE AND BARN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM GATEWAY TO PORCH.

Copyright



Copyright

CHAPEL AND GUEST-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of these views. It stands to the north of the house, just outside the forecourt, and bears within and without abundant evidence of the late tenant's tasteful care. The pulpit is original, and retains the sounding-board, typical of its Elizabethan age, which in the great majority of cases has been ruthlessly "restored" away. The screen, of the same date, has been at times much repaired, and Mr. Bodley himself added the rood which surmounts it. The bench-ends are interesting, as they were left rough-hewn with the axe, whose marks yet plainly appear on them. The edifice itself is probably no more ancient than its fittings or than

the house, and is a type of that Gothic style which lingered so long at Oxford and produced even seventeenth century examples at St. John's and Wadham. It no longer stands neglected in the middle of a field, but is enclosed in its own little walled garden, entered from the broad pathway which lies below the porch steps of the manor house, whose forecourt is of great simplicity, but of considerable architectural merit. Its east or entrance side, approached from the water-side meadow, is flanked by gabled outbuildings, now termed the guest-houses, which still betray something of the Gothic style which has vanished entirely



Copyright

FROM PORCH TO CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright

THE MANOR HOUSE FROM THE CHAPEL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from the dignified gate-piers, and, in only slightly less degree, from the elevation of the residence itself, which, however, for all the classic pilasters and entablatures of its porch, retains an arched doorway and the Gothic dripstone to its gable windows. Nor was complete symmetry thought needful in the design; the windows on the left of the porch are embayed, but to the right there is no such projection, while eccentricity of level is a peculiarity of the interior. The whole shows that happy compromise, amounting to originality, which distinguished so much of the simpler

a Somersetshire house. The slight play of light and shade and diversity of tone and texture of the rougher stone used for the walling give just the right contrast and relief to the ashlar work of mullions and cornices, of pilasters and coigns, of pediments and finials, while the stone tiling not merely acquires an admirable tone of mixed greys, greens and browns, but, by its weight and substance, gives a sense of reality and sufficiency to the roof in right association with the thick walls and solid workmanship of the rest of the structure. On the bare

tablelands of the county, where the dull expanse of ploughland is broken only by dry walls of stone, the grey dwellings are perhaps somewhat cold-looking, and only emphasise the dreariness of the prospect. But in the lowlands, with their emerald pastures, their abundant woods and lines of elm, oak and ash, there is a perfect harmony between the home and its environment. Neither is splendid or heroic; both are eminently domestic, "liveable-in" and engaging, and Mr. Bodley showed a delicate perception of beauty and fitness in his choice of so desirable an example. Nor did such perception become dimmed—as is too often the case with architects esteemed competent—when the work of restoration began. There is a neatness and sense of affectionate and tender nurture about the place which was absent when it was a farm; but, apart from that, it is singularly unaltered from what it was thirty years ago. There is the same happy irregularity and occasional bulge, conjoined with the restrained growth of herb and plantlet, in its forecourt walls; the same lovely patina of moss and lichen upon its worn gateposts. It has not been felt necessary to replace every lost corner, every chipped stone, and adequate security and imperviousness was obtainable without a general pointing and scraping. In planting the garden the sense of propriety and of simplicity has been followed. There is nothing restless in the grass plats and in the borders below the walls, nothing frivolous in the sentinel yews of reserved shape; a pleasant note of variety and detail being given by the occasional restrained use of a peacock or other topiary conceit. Now owned by General Sawyer, the date 1585 on one of the doorways fixes the age of the house, which formerly belonged to the Lovelaces, was called Lovelace Hall, and, in a blank place over the porch, bore their arms, which it was Mr. Bodley's intention to replace. Here dwelt, when the Civil Wars broke out, John, Baron Lovelace, an ardent Cavalier, who spent his substance on the cause and was not recouped at the Restoration, for he died, in 1670, at the

gatehouse of the manor of Woodstock, a poor man. In his time, Water Eaton presented ampler proportions than it does to-day. The end wall to the left of the still surviving double-storeyed bay is modern, and beyond it may still be seen the remains of another bay—that of the old withdrawing-room. Tradition even speaks of a complete quadrangle; but this is in all likelihood an exaggeration.

Mr. Bodley did much large work, produced many fine effects, and has left us elaborate buildings successfully realising his lofty



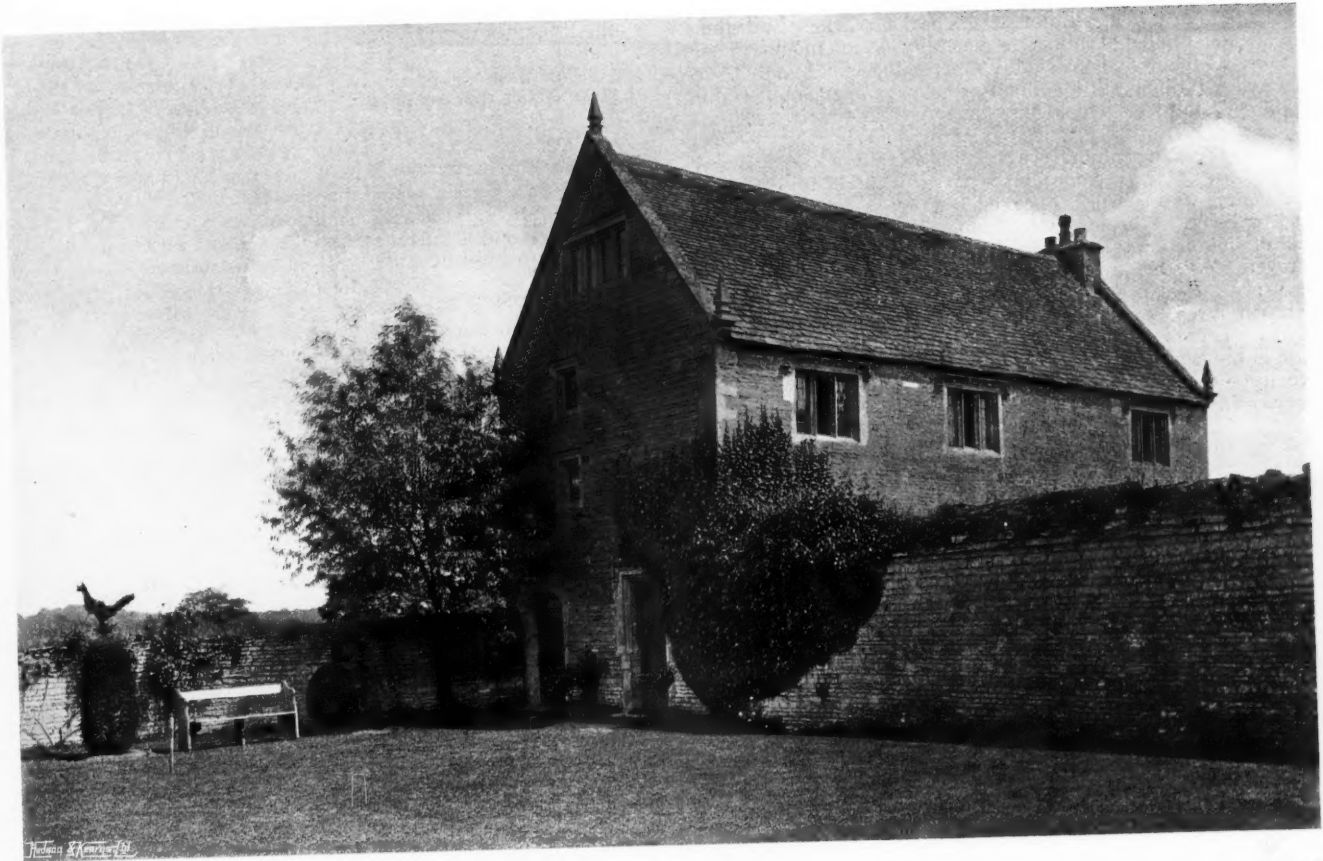
Copyright.

THE GATE-PIERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and more native work in the England of Elizabeth and James, and it would be difficult to find among remaining examples of its class and size one that is more satisfying in its original design and in its acquired texture; and the latter, in his necessary reparations, Mr. Bodley took care to in no wise "restore" away. The materials at hand for the Oxfordshire builders of the Gothic and Renaissance ages were excellent. There was not that abundance and universality of freestone which is apt to give almost too smooth and finished an appearance to many





Copyright

SOUTH-EAST GUEST-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

aspirations, his delicacy of design, his well-founded and sensitive architectural convictions. But he never showed his genius to better advantage than at Water Eaton, where he did so little. In dealing with ancient buildings architects generally do too much. They try to assert themselves by wholly superseding some predecessor. They enjoy rubbing out the finger-prints of time and obliterating a building's history—which may have ups and downs, good and bad, and yet *is* history, and therefore more interesting than pseudo-restorations and modern conceits, established, not honestly on *terra nova*, but surreptitiously on ground occupied by the dead hand, whose work, once effaced or even obscured, is lost for ever. Mr. Bodley, while vastly surpassing the ruck of his fellows in originality, was wholly beyond them in reverence. He respected his forerunners, he cherished the varying evidences of past activities, he modestly hesitated to brush away even the cobwebs of history or the dust of time. There is something strangely similar and subtly sympathetic in the characteristics of Water Eaton, and of the man we have lost—the same modesty with the same excellence, the same sensitive retirement with the same conscious power, the

silver cross that lay on his breast. His eyes met those of the desperate, hunted man, who, now that the game was up, crawled out from his shelter. The close-cropped head, the clothing torn almost to tatters, the bare, bleeding feet, all told the same tale. With a little pang, the curé saw that the fingers of the hand from which the woodman's hatchet had slipped, had once been cared for. The curé climbed up to the level ground, and took a few turns up and down among the trees. The fierce blue eyes never relaxed in their intensity, never quitted him for an instant. Monsieur le Curé saw that the delicate brain was strained to its utmost. After a few seconds he came near.

"You wanted my clothes," he said, "to escape in?"

The man nodded. Then, with the difficulty of one accustomed always to solitude, he spoke. "It was not your . . . uniform . . . that saved you," he said, and again, with a pang, the curé noticed that accent of birth that nothing ever quite stamps out. "Twice I leant over you, and twice somehow my hand was stayed."

Monsieur le Curé solemnly pointed to the burnished mirror that lay at their feet. "I saw," he said.



Copyright.

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

same combination of half contradictory qualities which make for beauty in architecture and greatness in man. He could not spoil, he dare hardly touch the stone that had such brotherhood with his flesh.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## JEAN-PIERRE.

THE sun was setting over the vast forest of Argentières. The lake, hidden in a sweeping half circle of brooding dark firs, lay like a mirror of burnished steel, reflecting sharply the outline of a few overhanging trees, the masses of bronze-coloured foliage, the clear-cut edge of the reeds. But Monsieur le Curé de Beaugirard was all unmindful of the sunset glory; he was stooping at the edge of the water, completely absorbed in his search for specimens of minute vegetable life for his microscope. Suddenly he spoke, without raising himself, or even turning his head.

"I thank you," he said, solemnly, "for twice sparing my life."

He turned after he had spoken, and stood facing the bushes above him, a ray of sunshine just touching his white hair and the

He lifted his face to the golden clouds, flushing to crimson. Then he bent down, and his eyes were misty.

"I will help you," he said, and almost involuntarily his white fingers sought the cross on his breast.

The man was about to speak, but the curé held out both hands, putting him off.

"Don't tell me," he said, brokenly. "Don't speak. I don't want to know. . . . Is it not enough that you have suffered . . . so much? Now," he went on, after a pause, "I will fetch you food and clothing. Remain here. You will be perfectly safe hidden among these bushes until my return." Then, again catching the look of strained horror in his eyes, he added, softly, "I will bring you back something that will quiet you and give you strength. So stay here where I can find you; you will be quite safe."

"Safe!" echoed the man. "My God! Safe!" And he fell back among the bracken.

An instant after he was sitting up again.

"I say," he called after the curé's retreating figure, "you aren't going to betray me?" But Monsieur le Curé had already passed out of hearing, and the man lay back, cursing the weakness that now made flight impossible, and himself for a



fool to put his trust in any man. With a stealthy movement, he drew the hatchet nearer. If he was betrayed, somebody should die for it, or he would. Then he dropped into half-conscious, half-unconscious dreams.

A few faint grey streaks just showed in the east as two men, who had been all night slowly picking their way through the forest, stopped on its outskirts.

"I must leave you now," whispered one to his companion, who was dressed in the coarse brown habit of a missionary. A rope was knotted round his waist, and his bare feet were thrust into sandals. "Keep your hands folded in your sleeves, so. Keep the hood drawn over your face, so. If any speak to you, incline your head only, or murmur a few words in Latin. Wait here for a time, then take this letter to Jacques Adrienne. At dawn you will find him upon the beach, and he will do aught that you ask him, for my sake."

"Is it the sea, then?" asked the man. "My God! The sea!" And he leant against the trunk of a tree and covered his face with his hands.

The curé stood silent a moment, then he spoke. "I must go quickly," he said. "I fear that I shall be missed." He came near to the other, and for an instant laid his white hand upon his sleeve. "Remember," he said, solemnly, "that you have sworn upon your knees, touching this cross upon your breast, that while you wear this sacred dress you will wear it as befits a priest, and, further, that you will not wear it one instant longer than is absolutely necessary for your safety. All my life," he said, brokenly, "have I passed defending the honour of this cross so very dear to me, and now I am entrusting it to—." He paused. "Upon my soul," he added, trembling, "will rest a stain for ever, though I spend the remainder of my life upon my knees."

"I have sworn it," said the man. Something almost like

humility had crept into the fierce, sombre eyes. "Tell me, Father," he said, "why you have done it."

The curé hesitated. His face grew pale. The energy and decision seemed to die out of him; he had suddenly become like a very old man. "There was a lad," he whispered, brokenly, "once left in my charge. He had a bad father—the whole record was bad, and I feared for him. Perhaps I was harsh—perhaps I was too hard, but I never faltered in my love for him, but he—he misunderstood, and he ran away—from me. So, for his sake, to atone for my harshness, in the hope that someone, somewhere, may do as much for him should he need it . . . Sometimes my heart misgives me . . . I loved his dead mother," he went on, faintly, "and now that I am old I dare not hope to meet her, for her first question will be, 'What of the boy?'"

He dropped into silence, his head fell forward on his chest. The other stood silent, too; his face was hardly less white than that of the curé. The first breath of the dawn just stirred in the trees; there was a faint quickening in the east, a lifting of the soft mists that half revealed, half hid the endless vistas of dim green behind them.

With an effort, Monsieur le Curé looked up. "It is important that I go," he said. "If you should ever meet the boy—tell him."

"What was his name?" asked the man.

"His name?" repeated the curé, hurriedly turning away, so that the other should not meet his misty grey eyes. "We called him always—only—Jean-Pierre."

And the next day, while hour after hour found Monsieur le Curé still prostrate on the stone floor of the chapel, a great ship was cutting her way through the waters, bearing aboard her a gaunt, blue-eyed man, who lay in his berth with arms outstretched muttering constantly to himself: "Better that he should never know! Better—that he should never—know!"

JANE HARDY.

## THE QUAIL.

ALTHOUGH widely distributed over the face of the world, the common quail (*Coturnix communis*) breeds so sparingly in the United Kingdom nowadays that the sportsman who finds a nest of this charming little game-bird on his manor watches and protects it with jealous care; and the flushing of a bevy of quail in September or October is an incident to be recorded on the pages of the shooting diary in red letters. And yet at the latter part of the eighteenth century so plentiful were these birds in our islands that great numbers were netted and hair-sprung by fowlers. The following description, taken from the discoloured pages of an old manuscript in the possession of the writer, of the mode pursued by our forefathers in the capture of these toothsome morsels, may not prove uninteresting to some readers: "The quail is a well-known bird of passage, frequenting our cornfields in great numbers and sometimes the meadows. They begin to sing in the month of April, and make their nests in May, building on the ground. Quails are to be taken by the call during their whole wooing-time, which lasts from April to August. The proper time for using the call is at sun-rising, at nine o'clock in the morning, at three in the afternoon and at sunset, for these are the natural times of the quail's singing. The notes of the cock and hen quail are very different, and the fowler who expects to succeed in the taking of them must be expert in both, for when the cock calls the answer is to be made in the hen's note, and when the hen calls the answer is to be made in the cock's. By this means they will come up to the fowler, so that he may, with great ease, throw the net over and take them. If a cock quail be single, on hearing the hen's note he will immediately come, but if he have a hen already with him he will not forsake her. Sometimes, though only one quail answers to the call, there will be three or four come up, and then it is best to have patience and not run to take up the first, but stay till they are all entangled, as they soon will be. The quail is a neat, cleanly bird, and will not run much into dirty or wet places."

"On dewy mornings they will often fly instead of running to the call, and in this case it is better to let them go over the net if it so happens that they fly higher than its top, and the fowler then changing sides and calling again, the bird will come back and then will probably be taken in the net. The calls are to be made of a small leathern purse, about two fingers wide and four fingers long, and made in the shape of a pear; this is to be stuffed half full of horsehair, and at the end of it is to be placed a small whistle made of the bone of a rabbit's leg, or some such bone—this is to be about two inches long and the end formed like flageolet, with a little soft wax. This is to be the end fastened into the purse, the other is to be closed up with the same wax, only that a hole is to be opened with a pin, to make it give a distinct and clear sound. To make this sound, it is to be held in the palm of the hand, with one of the fingers placed over the top of the wax; then the purse is to be pressed, and the finger is to shake over the middle of it to modulate the sound it gives into a sort of shake. This is the most useful call, for it imitates the note of the hen quail, and seldom fails to bring a cock to the net, if there be one near the place. The call that imitates the note of the cock, and is used to bring the hen to him, is to be about four inches long, and about one inch thick. It is to be made of a piece of wire turned round and coiled, and covered with leather. One end must be closed with a piece of flat wood, about the middle of which there must be a small thread, or strap of leather, and at the other end the same sort of pipe made of bone

as is used in the other call. The noise is made by opening and closing the spiral, and it gives the same sound that the cock does when he gives the hen a signal that he is near her."

By far the greater number of quail which find their way to the European markets are netted or snared on the shores of the Mediterranean, and during the spring migration as many as 1,000,000 have been captured on the small island of Capri alone, while between 16,000 and 17,000 have been sold in Rome in a single day. Many quails remain to breed in the countries bordering the Mediterranean, but the majority pass to more northerly nesting places, and upon several occasions the eggs of this feathered cosmopolitan have been found in our islands as far North as Orkney and the Outer Hebrides. The quail taken during the spring migration are, from an epicurean point of view, not to be compared with those of the autumn, for at the fall of the year, when both grain and insect food are abundant, the birds are just as fat and juicy then as they are lean and dry during the earlier part of the year.

Season after season tens of thousands of these much-sought-after little game-birds find their way into Leadenhall and other great markets throughout the United Kingdom alive, and closely packed in long, narrow and darkened crates (so pugnacious is the quail that to prevent him seeing and punishing his fellow-prisoners the crate is darkened with strips of felt or baize), troughs of millet and water being placed along the whole length of the crate in such a manner that the birds are able to feed at will. In spite of overcrowding, so plucky and hardy are they that the percentage of deaths among them during their long journey by crate, overland and across the sea, is comparatively small. It is also astonishing how quickly they recuperate and regain their usual plumpness after the long and wearying flight of migration.

Although the quail is one of the most unsociable, and, as before mentioned, pugnacious of the great gallinaceous family, it would be hard to find a better or more patient mother than is the female. As an example of the close-sitting propensities of the bird, we remember having fed from the hand a hen quail as she sat on her nest of thirteen eggs on the outskirts of a small covert near Sherborne in Dorsetshire. Within six weeks of leaving the shell the young ones are full grown. The cocks do not, however, assume their full mature plumage until the second year. In some parts of the country this bird is called by the bucolic ornithologist "wet-me-lips," on account of the strange three-syllabled call of the cock, which sounds not unlike "wet-me-lips." The first record of quail being eaten as food is given in Exodus. Biblical history does not, however, tell of the manner in which the Israelites dressed the game which flew to them so providentially and in such numbers. We know that the followers of Moses had neither vine leaves nor fat bacon within which to roll the dainty morsels before setting them down to roast; nor did they serve them on toast, for not a loaf of bread was to be bought in the camp for love or money. In Numbers we read that the Israelites "dried the quail round about the camp"; but then it is easy to imagine that even sun-dried quail would very soon pall on the appetite. In England the quail graces the table of the well-to-do classes only, for it often commands almost its own weight in silver. Such, however, is not the case in more favoured parts of the globe, and in countries touching on the Mediterranean both rich and poor alike look forward to the spring and autumn visits of *la petite ca-lie*.

MARKSMAN.

## RUST AND MILDEW.

**T**HE innumerable species of microscopic fungi, which are in many instances so destructive to the life and vigour of many farm and garden crops, are diverse in structure and habit and of much importance.

Though differing in their mode of life and the amount of damage they may do to particular crops, the species agree in the absence of the beautiful green colouring so universal in the higher order of plants.

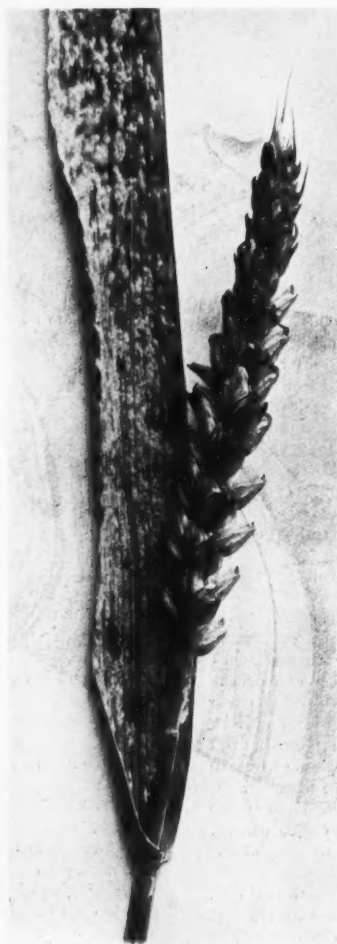
The physiological peculiarities whereby the growth becomes parasitic or saprophytic are entirely dependent upon the inability to manufacture and elaborate the foodstuffs required. In ordinary plants the green cells, particularly those of the

one or other of two ways. One class of fungi live upon the decaying remains of plants and animals and are known as "saprophytes"; the other, the parasitic fungi, rob the living plant of prepared food materials, which would otherwise be used to maintain and increase its vigour, and in the ultimate production and development of healthy well-formed seeds. The cultivation of plants and seeds for the sustenance of the human race is recorded in the earliest writings of antiquity, and at the same time it is noted that the failure of crops of wheat from the attacks of rust and mildew was a source of anxiety and loss to the farming community at a very early period. Aristotle, 350 B.C. and other



GOOD AND RUSTED EARS OF WHEAT.

leaves, may in a sense be likened to a manufactory or chemical laboratory where the various complex vital processes concerned in the elaboration of the foodstuff and the nutrition of the plant are carried on. In the green cells, under the energising action of sunlight, starch and other more complex compounds are formed from the elements of carbon-dioxide from the atmosphere in conjunction with water, bearing



RUST ON LEAF (WITH EAR).

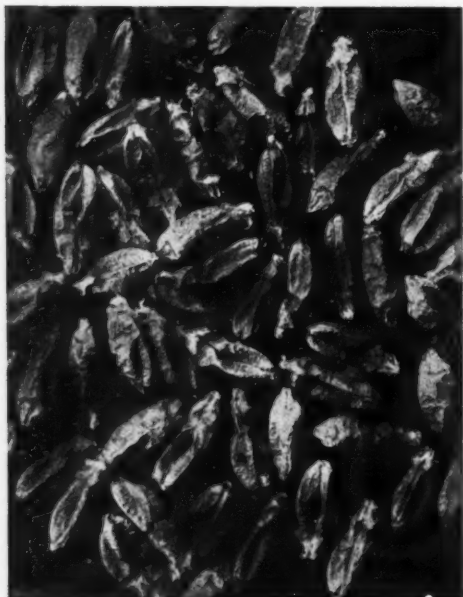
in solution mineral matter from the soil. Plants destitute of the green colouring matter (chlorophyll), such as the fungi, not being in a position to manufacture the food necessary, obtain a livelihood in

offered for preventing evils which originate from intemperate seasons and destroying blights, may excite invention, artifice, cunning, imposture and deception, but can never extend the boundary or expand



RUST ON LEAVES (WITH EARS).

philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome in their observation of the wheat-fields of their day speculated as to the cause of the failing of the crops and endeavoured to elucidate the apparent mystery surrounding it. At a much later date, towards the end of the eighteenth century, the opinion held by practical men concerning plant diseases in general is well summed up in an agricultural paper of the period: "Premiums



SHRIVELLED GRAINS FROM RUSTED EAR.



GOOD GRAINS. SAME MAG. AS THOSE SHRIVELLED.





SPRAY OF BARBERRY. A HOST PLANT OF WHEAT RUST.

the science and practice of farming, we, no doubt, could find some who would concur in the above expressed submissive yielding to the "Powers that be." A striking instance came under the notice of the writer a month before this last harvest, which shows that it is not unusual for those whose crops are sadly diminished by one or other of the common fungoid pests to ascribe the same to atmospheric influences or to some mysterious dispensation of Providence over which there is no control. In the case referred to, the farmer wisely—or, rather, unwisely—shook his head, and attributed the mildewed condition of his wheat fields or crop to some such occult influence as indicated, aided by weather conditions. When the life history of the fungus causing the mildew was fully explained, the credulity of the farmer was deepened rather than lessened. The summer rust of wheat followed by mildew, however it may be accounted for, and however widely the reasons given for its appearance may diverge from ascertained facts, is, unfortunately, too well known to all wheat-growers. The farmer, in some season or other, in looking over his fields during early summer cannot help noting that the fresh green appearance of the wheat crop is changing in colour from day to day, becoming gradually quite yellow. On examining closely one of the withered leaves the observant cultivator can readily detect orange yellow spots or lines, and with the aid of a low-power lens can also see that the epidermal tissue of the leaf has been ruptured by the emission of countless numbers of orange yellow seeds or spores. The spots and lines upon the leaves multiply rapidly, and when the leaves are shaken by the wind the spores are set free and fall upon other leaves, and thus the disease is spread. Wherever wheat is grown, in this country, in America, throughout Europe, India and Australia, this destructive pest is known and dreaded. In appearance the disease is the same, wherever the crop attacked is grown—pale yellow during spring and summer, deepening later in the season to a dark brown or black, on the green leaves not only of the cereal crops, but of many surrounding wild grasses. In the early stages of rust the fungal spores or seeds are called "uredo" spores, from "uro," to burn, owing to the rusty or burnt appearance of the leaves. When these uredo spores are microscopically examined, it will be seen that they are oval in shape, with a granular rather than a smooth surface, their average size being about one thousandth of an inch in length. Ripe fresh uredo spores taken from a wheat leaf and kept for a few hours in a damp atmosphere soon germinate, the mycelia threads growing out from opposite sides of the spore. It has

the circle of human knowledge or human power. He, and He only, who can repel the malignant blasts of the East fraught with myriads of consuming insects, originating from what or where none but Omniscience knows, and substitute the soft, healing, balmy Zephyrs of the West, can reward the industrious husbandman with plenty and happiness." Even in our own day of progressive enlightenment in everything pertaining to

been proved times out of number that these uredo spores from the wheat upon fresh dry leaves remain in a resting condition until covered with a film of moisture either from dew or rain, after which they quickly germinate in great numbers. The germinal tube of the spore enters the stomata of the leaf, develops it into a mass of new mycelia, which in ten days or so produce a fresh crop of uredo spores to further propagate the disease.

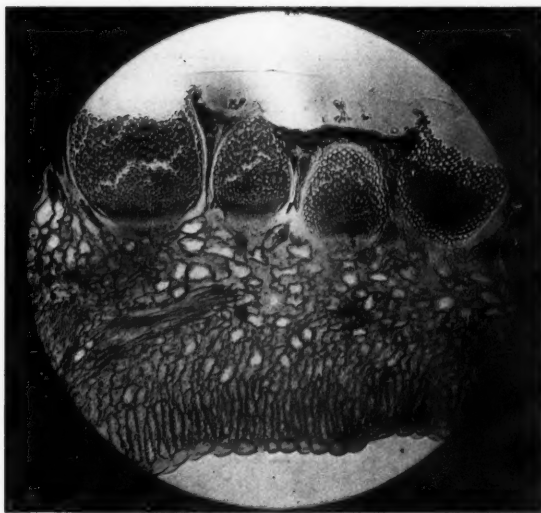
In examining a growing crop of rusted wheat during the present year, the writer paid especial attention to the gradual transition from the rusted to the mildewed stage. Towards the end of July the plants under observation were badly rusted, the colour of the spots and pustules on the leaves being a bright orange colour; this darkened as the corn ripened, until ultimately the spots were dark brown, and the spores produced from the same mycelia which gave rise to the rust spore of the summer, turned out to be not the rust spores of the uredo stage, but the teleuto spores of wheat mildew. This proved the view held by some of the most famous biologists after repeated experiments that the disease so long known as wheat mildew (*Puccinia graminis*) was nothing more nor less than the autumnal form of the uredo or rust. The teleuto spores, so-called, as they are formed late or last in the life history of the fungus, are the winter or resting spores of the disease. When these spores are placed under conditions favourable to germination they do not grow rapidly as do the uredo spores; in fact, it has been found practically impossible to make the teleuto spores grow without a period of rest, growth taking place only in the late winter or early spring. These last-mentioned spores are thick-walled two-celled bodies club-like or spindle shaped.

When germination takes place in the spring a germ tube is protruded from each cell, which grows until its length is two or three times the length of the original spore; partitions are then formed across the tube, dividing it into three or four segments, each segment becomes branched and produces at its apex small spore-like bodies known as sporidæ. This sporidæ in its turn carries on the disease another stage. In the life history of the disease, which has manifested itself so differently, both as rust and mildew on the same plant, we have reached a stage which was for long beset with difficulty and disappointment. Many experiments were made to infect plants direct by means of teleuto spores or by sporidæ, either through the root, leaf or other surface, but without success. This was the condition of affairs when the late Professor de Bary took the matter up, and after numerous painstaking observations established the connection between the cluster-cup or æcidium disease on the leaf of the barberry and mildew, the former (the cluster-cup disease) being simply an earlier form of mildew, living its life on another host plant and preceding the rust disease of wheat. De Bary discovered that practically at will he could produce the barberry disease by

sowing the teleuto spores of wheat in the spring on a barberry leaf, and further, by sowing æcidio spores of the barberry on the young leaves of the wheat the presence of rust, and ultimately mildew, was a foregone conclusion. Though the above briefly describes the life cycle of rust and mildew, it would be as well to mention what Mr. Massee of Kew, one of



BARBERRY LEAF MAGNIFIED, SHOWING DISEASE ON UNDER SURFACE.



CLUSTER-CUP STAGE OF DISEASE ON BARBERRY PLANT (MAGNIFIED).

the foremost mycologists of the day, says in his admirable book on fungi: "It is important to remember that the continuance of the species does not require that it (the complete life cycle) should be repeated every season. The uredo or summer spore condition alone, is sufficient to perpetuate the disease from year to year, growing during the winter on the leaves of wild grasses in sheltered situations, passing from thence to young wheat." The injury done to wheat by rust and mildew is well shown in the illustrations accompanying this article—the stunted character of the ears affected by rust in comparison with those which are healthy and vigorous; in another photograph the evil is further shown by the shrivelled character of the grains. Surely these are direct evidence, if any is needed, that the fungus of rust and mildew, in preying upon the host plant, has appropriated to its own use the food prepared for the wheat. In this country rust in its early stages rarely damages the wheat crop to any considerable extent. The vigorous assimilation of food by the wheat plant at the time of attack, aided by bright sunshine, enables the wheat to withstand the ravages of its foe and, perhaps with the exception of an occasional stunted ear, the wheat may be said to suffer practically little, if any, permanent injury. On the other hand, during a period of prolonged damp, muggy weather—weather specially favourable to the germination of repeated crops of uredo spores—which in turn ultimately produce mildew, occurring at a period in the life of the wheat plant when the active assimilation of food has partially, if not entirely, ceased. In this condition, when the elaborated food is being transported to the flower and fruit, the cells of the leaf are crowded with the mycelia of countless crops of the original rust which take possession of the flow of food stuffs and utilises it to its own

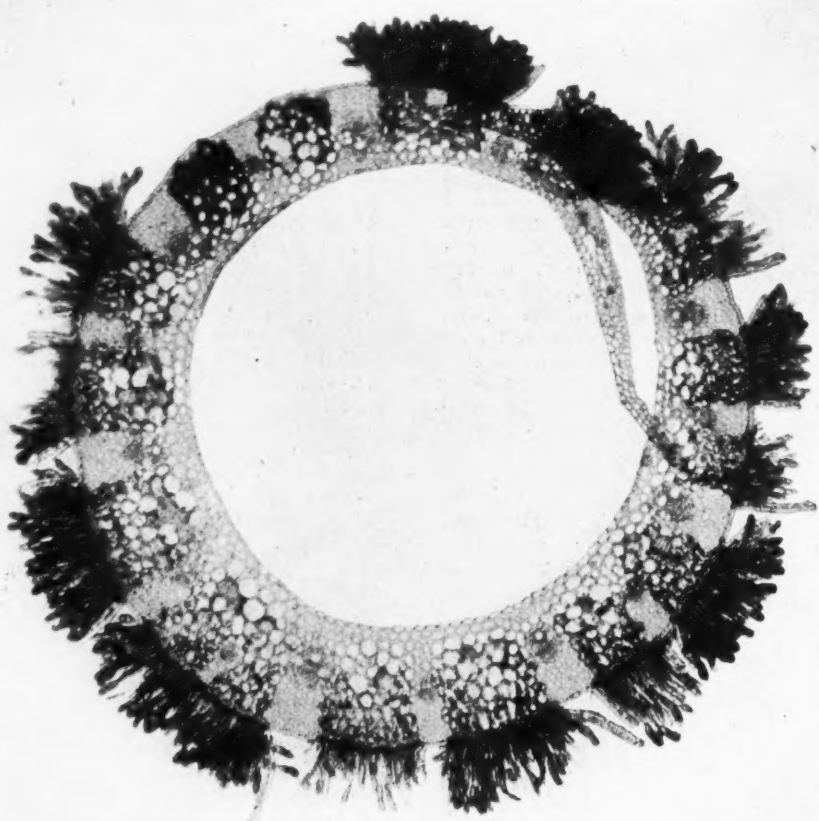
advantage. Strong, healthy, vital seed, combined with improved methods of cultivation, the eradication of weeds from growing crops, and from the headlands and hedges, have doubtless done much to protect the farmer of this country from this pest, though it may be said that much yet remains to be done. Though there are no direct remedies for rust, clean cultivation, the burning of infected straw, which carries the resting spores of the disease over

the winter, may aid considerably in the mitigation of the evil.

It is a hopeful portent for the future that the Millers' Association, through Professor Biffen of Cambridge, has made some headway in the production of a good all-round wheat, one that it is hoped will prove immune from rust, combined with the good qualities of high yield of grain and strength of flour, a union of qualities so much desired alike by the farmer and miller. The difficulty that has to be met and surmounted is the blending together in one ear or grain, rust resistance from one type, strength from another, yield and, perhaps, early maturity from yet another, and when the plant-breeder has realised his desires after years of research and experimenting, in all probability the new type he has evolved will be suitable only for growth and ability to maintain its character under

similar conditions to that in which it was originated. Rust-resistant wheat grown in Australia became badly rusted when grown in America, and *vice versa*. It has been stated by more than one authority that the injury done by rust to cereal crops exceeds £100,000,000 per annum. The Department of Agriculture of the United States Government has put on record: "The damage to wheat and oats from rust in this country probably exceeds that caused by any other fungus or insect pest, and, in some localities, is greater than that caused by all other enemies combined."

D. FINLAYSON.



MAGNIFIED SECTION OF WHEAT STEM SHOWING RUST

## THE PIED FLYCATCHER IN WALES.

THOSE ornithologists who aver that the dainty pied flycatcher is everywhere scarce in our islands can never have visited it in its Welsh haunts. Admitted that the bird is extremely local and, taking Great Britain as a whole, rare, yet in the Principality—the south central portion particularly—it is, though confined to certain areas, a characteristic and common species, and is there, probably, even more numerous than the well-known spotted flycatcher. Brecon, Radnor, Carmarthen, Cardigan, Carnarvon and Merioneth are the great strongholds of the pied flycatcher, where its chief haunts embrace scenery romantic as it is wild, for it delights in making its summer quarters in the well-wooded "cwms" right into the heart of the hills; it is in reality a creature of savage country or of dubious cultivation, and not one revelling in the homely spots so attractive to its cousin the spotted flycatcher. For though many pairs frequent cultivated districts in Wales, it must be remembered that that term there might denote desolation in most of England's counties. Occasionally, however, the pied flycatcher forgets its true love of the wild, and not only haunts the close vicinity of a stately country mansion, but even rears its young in a nesting-box. Without being in any degree a river dweller, this little bird is for some reason passionately attached to the neighbourhood of fast-flowing water; nearly all its haunts in Wales are the oak woods and coppices decking the rugged sides of the

valleys and dingles through which sparkling trout streams or salmon rivers urge their mad career, or the birches, oaks and alders fringing their banks. More occasionally an orchard or fir plantation is patronised; while in one district on the Wye which I know well, the bird frequents the strips of covert dividing the Cambrian Railway from the river, where it may often be seen at rest on, or fly-catching from, the telegraph wires. But seldom, indeed, is its home any distance from a damp, not to say a boggy, tract of ground close to fast-flowing water, a peculiarity which may possibly be due to some special and local water-fly or insect on which the young are chiefly nourished. If this be so, the insect must be excessively local, for putting Wales and its border counties aside, the pied flycatcher is of abnormal occurrence as a breeder till the Peak, Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire and the Lake District are reached. And only the Southern Highlands of Scotland (but there the bird is curiously local) afford shelter to this lovable species, while in Ireland it is practically unknown and never breeds there. The pied flycatcher begins to reach its breeding haunts in Wales from April 15th to April 22nd (April 13th is my earliest record), but the bulk have not arrived till the very end of the month, and the males always precede the gentler sex.

Although in no way to be accounted gregarious, it may yet be deemed social to a certain extent, inasmuch as not only on its



first arrival may several be observed together, but also many pairs may be nesting in the same wood, in which case the birds (the males especially while their busy partners are incubating) are often seen in little parties of from three to six. I have known over a dozen pairs breeding in one wood of no great extent. This flycatcher is essentially a hole breeder; its nest must invariably be sought in the hole of a tree, or very exceptionally in a wall. Oaks are general favourites, but birches, alders, willows, hawthorns, fruit trees and firs may all give shelter to the home of the pied flycatcher. The selected hole may be at any elevation from the ground; now it is in a decayed stump only a few feet up, again 40ft. or more in a knot hole, while green and great spotted woodpeckers' deserted holes are frequently requisitioned. I have, however, never known a pied flycatcher use a hole which only just admitted it, though, on the other hand, even if the eggs are visible, the wood has always to be cut or broken away ere they can be reached. The birds never enlarge or alter a hole in any way; indeed, except with the most friable and rotten wood, such a proceeding would be utterly beyond their capabilities. Constant for life, the same hole is used annually until an accumulation of nests have well-nigh choked the entrance, when another hollow in its vicinity is chosen, for, though greatly attached to its home, the pied flycatcher seldom removes the old nests; and from different woodpeckers' holes I have removed relics of ancient tenements to the number of a score. Although I have seen a male gather, toy with and drop a piece of building material, the female alone constructs the nest, while he sings continuously to her from a branch close to the hole, and sometimes accompanies her as she goes in search of material. The nest is loosely built, somewhat untidy and rather rough; its general composition is of dried grass (often cotton grass) and dead leaves (those of the oak, birch and alder are favourites) lined with finer grass. It is completed in from six to nine days.

The eggs, numbering from five to eight, and even ten, are of the most lovely uniform pale blue, and if of slightly paler tint and more brittle, are, nevertheless, strikingly like those of the redstart. They are very thin shelled, and possess a certain amount of polish. In the lower parts of a "cwm," and in the

lowlands of Wales generally, full clutches are frequent from May 17th to May 22nd, but further up nearer the source of the stream from May 25th to May 30th is a better date, while genuine initial attempts are not uncommon during June's earliest days. But one brood is reared in the year, though if the first clutch is destroyed a second, and if this goes even a third, is produced, sometimes, indeed, in the same nest, if the hole has not been too much injured. Incubation, almost the sole prerogative of the female, lasts thirteen or fourteen days, and though she does not begin to sit till the clutch is complete, yet she often frequents the hole periodically during the day while laying is in progress.

In some cases the pied flycatchers' nest is a joint stock affair. I have known eggs of the redstart, great, blue and marsh tits in different homes of the pied flycatcher, and in some such instances both kinds of birds (*i.e.*, say a pair of great tits and flycatchers) help to rear the mixed brood. Occasionally a pair of house-hunting tits will oust the flycatchers completely, and build their nest on top of that of the latter, even though it contain eggs. The call-notes have before been mentioned, but the male possesses a characteristic and pleasing song, which, commencing in a strain reminiscent of certain notes of the great tit, culminates in one not unlike that of the redstart. It is generally delivered from a tree—frequently from a dead and lofty bough—but occasionally a telegraph wire or a rock boulder (a common object in the Welsh woodlands) is used as a stage. After the young are hatched the song is of a desultory character, for the male, though taking no share in nest-building and little in incubation, does assist in feeding his progeny. The male pied flycatcher can be mistaken for no other species, but the female and birds of the year, being brown where he is black, may by the tyro be in certain lights confused with the spotted flycatcher. But on flight such an error would be inexcusable, owing to the conspicuous white wing bars being then fully displayed; and, besides, the habits of the two birds are usually totally at variance. The pied flycatcher leaves our shores in September, and then, while on migration, may even occur in suburban gardens. The latest Welsh record I possess is an adult male seen in Cardiganshire on September 29th. In the Welsh dialect this bird is called "Clerdd aliwr brithog."

JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

## SHOOTING.

### WANTED—A "VERMIN" COMMISSION.

IT is beginning to be quite evident that we are badly in want of some body—in the collective sense of two or three or more persons; no single body would suffice—with some sort of authority which keepers and shooters alike could respect, to draw up an improved list of the creatures which are to be accounted as vermin, from the game-preserve's point of view, and to be shot or otherwise destroyed by him and his keeper accordingly. More important certainly are the exceptions—the creatures which are to be spared—but the one statement practically includes the other. We want a body which will speak with authority on some points which are still in dispute; but more than that, we want it to enforce points which are not at all in dispute, acknowledged by all, but acted on by very few. A correspondent has furnished us with the story of a friend who, happening to be without a loader, was given for this service a man who had been in the employment of the late Lord Lilford, as keeper of his birds. Naturally he had acquired some knowledge of birds' habits, and his wrath was kindled to a white heat at seeing the folly of two irresponsible young guns of the party firing at a kestrel, and scarcely less so by seeing these same two, at an equally idle interval, when no real game was coming, allow some rascally rooks to pass over their heads without a shot. Most shooters are beginning to know that a kestrel is, as a rule, not only a harmless but also a very beneficial bird. There are stories of their taking to harrying the pheasant coops for the young pheasants; but even if these are thoroughly authenticated it is at least admitted that the cases are most exceptional. On the other hand, as regards our black enemy, the rook, it is no more an exception to find him egg-hunting than robbing the farmer. He ought to be shot twice over, if that might be. Some of the cases, however, are very much more debatable.

A correspondent has written recently asking us to use our influence, for what it may be worth, in advocating more mercy and justice for the little weasel. He truly remarks that the weasel and the stoat, with other criminals, figure in something like equal numbers on the barndoor mausoleum attached to the keeper's house. His view—which has certainly much to commend it, though, like all enthusiasts, perhaps he urges it too far—is that the stoat is really a criminal, killing game, poultry and so on, but that the weasel is entirely innocent of these offences, and, even if such faults have to be laid to his charge, could show a big credit-balance in his favour by reason of the active good that he does in killing rats, voles and

other creatures far more evil than himself. It is claimed for him that he can go down a rat-hole and even down the hole of a field-vole. Perhaps he can get down the hole of a field-vole, and perhaps the stoat cannot; but as for getting down a rat-hole, certainly he has in this no advantage whatever over the stoat, which can go in and out of rat-holes with perfect ease; and the stoat, too, has his merits in causing the death of much vermin other than himself, and perhaps worse.

On the whole, however, we believe that there is a great deal to be said for the main contention of our correspondent, which is that the stoat and the weasel should not be confounded in one common condemnation, but that a distinction should be drawn in the weasel's favour. He has, at all events, we think, made out a case for closer enquiry as to the favourite prey of the two little carnivorous cousins. For all that, we cannot believe that the weasel is altogether such an injured innocent as he would have us think. The distinction which he aims at drawing is irresistibly reminiscent of that very shocking story once told by *Punch* about two men disputing over a little dead body, whether it were that of a stoat or a weasel, the one saying, "A weasel's so weaselly distinguished," the other replying in kind, "A stoat's stoatally different." This is a terrible and unworthy tale, but the more serious discussion of the possible difference in habit of these little animals is only one instance of many questions of the kind which would be the better for settlement. For any such authoritative settlement it appears that what is needed is something on the lines of what is now called the "Grouse Disease Commission." This commission, it may be remembered, was in its origin self-constituted; it only acquired legal recognition later. What gives it its authority is that it is composed of so many men whose names are well known in the shooting world. For its expert knowledge it has engaged the services of scientific specialists. What we want, in the cause of mercy to those animals, now doubtfully labelled as "vermin," which might be spared, is a similar body of well-known shooters which would give force in the shooting world to the decision reached by its specialists who have studied the ways of those creatures, such as the weasel, which may perhaps be given the benefit of a doubt, and back up also to the verdict already fully recorded in the favour of many creatures such as the owls and the kestrels. It were to be known that these men of weight and authority had taken a definite and strong line and declared the slaughter of these innocents to be contrary to what ought to be considered "sportsmanlike," their

pronounced view would very quickly permeate the whole body of shooters, and many lives would be spared as the result. An analogous instance in this respect occurred many years ago, when the "tipping" question was very much to the fore. One or two of the best-known shots decided that they would give 10s. a day as "tip" to the host's keeper, whether the day was a good one or a bad one (it may be said, in passing, that these were men who never, as a matter of fact, were asked to what could in reason be called a bad day), and the knowledge of their decision very soon permeated down into the general body of shooters, and had the excellent result of effectively reducing the former extravagant scale of "tips." It is to be admitted that, human nature being constituted as it is, the sparing of the lives of a few innocent creatures does not appeal to quite such strong motives as the reduction of "tips"; but it is not too much to hope that the example and outspoken opinion of those who are looked up to as authorities would have its due effect in this instance also.

#### HANGING COVERTS IN CORNWALL.

IT is not very easy for a shooting-man of the Eastern Counties to go down by that beautiful Great Western line from Plymouth to Penzance, along the southern part of Cornwall, without some envy rising in his heart. All along, on either side of the steep valleys, in many places are lovely hanging coverts, lending themselves marvellously to putting pheasants over the guns at any height desired. It is all an extraordinarily different country from his own flat Norfolk, in which all the science in the world can hardly make the birds rise above the height of a three-storeyed house. What may perhaps strike this wise man from the East with greater wonder still is that the West Countryman seems to be so very neglectful of his natural advantages. The value of the disposition of these coverts is almost entirely lost by the fact that they are generally allowed to grow right down to the foot of the valley and to join on to the covert on the other side. Even to one who is no shooter it does not need demonstration that this makes the steepness of the covert of no avail at all; for all that the pheasant has to do, and all that he actually does, is to run down the one side of the hill and up the other, and there is no need for him to get on the wing at all.

#### FEW PHEASANTS IN THEM.

That is to say that he would do all this if he were there to do it. As a matter of fact, the pheasant in these grand coverts is a rare bird. Where the coverts are thus disposed, it is nearly certain that no rearing can be done; for rearing presupposes a care for the pheasant, and this is just what the indifference to the planning of the coverts disproves. Besides joining in the bend of the valley, the coverts are of immense size, extending over whole hillsides, acres and miles of them. The whole of the British army engaged as beaters would hardly get the pheasants out of them. It is surely not necessary, at this time of day, to explain the kind of treatment that these coverts want if their wonderful situation is to be turned to good advantage. The big covert wants to be cut up into a number of small ones, so that a moderate battalion of beaters could push the birds out of them, and all the lower fold of the valley, on each side, requires to be stripped of covert altogether, so that the birds driven downwards would naturally take to wing when they came to the end of the growth, and fly across the valley to the hanging woods on the opposite side, giving shots of which the interest and the difficulty can "better be imagined than described." All these visions are what the shooter of the East has in his eye as he sees these coverts, with their possibilities neglected, in the beautiful scenery along which the Great Western Railway takes him.

#### THE NEGLECT OF OPPORTUNITIES.

It is, of course, no business of his, neither is it any business of ours, that the proprietors choose to neglect their glorious opportunities. They have plenty of object-lessons as to what can be made of such coverts in their own lovely country. Mr. Fortescue at Bocomnoc, Mr. Williams at Carhaes and many more know how to make use of these advantages and to show their pheasants. It is not out of ignorance that the rest do not follow their example, but merely that this shooting, of the "set piece" order, does not appear to appeal to them. The rough shooting in these great coverts is very good, especially for woodcock, and where the bracken grows freely and rides are cut in it, the rabbits gallop well from one patch to another. But certainly the possibilities of these hanging coverts for pheasants are an abiding asset in the hands of the Cornish proprietor in case he should ever be inclined to let his shooting. It is a part of England rather remote from the centre, but with a splendid train service, both by day and night. To be made of value, however, the coverts need replanning with a drastic hand.

[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

## ON THE GREEN.

#### GOLF IN BURMAH AND CEYLON.

THE golfer who finds himself in Burmah will sigh vainly for anything like even the most despised of second-rate courses he has left behind him at home. If, however, he has the luck to be stationed in Rangoon, he will have links of a sort to play on; but the course is only a nine-hole one. Still, that is better than none at all, and, besides, like other people he must be content with small mercies when big ones do not exist. The Rangoon Golf Club was founded in 1893, and is now, after going through the various vicissitudes common to such organisations, in quite a flourishing condition. It is situated on the maidan, or garrison parade-ground, close to that wonderful edifice, the Great Shway Dragon, or Golden Pagoda. This is the most celebrated building of its kind in all Burmah, and stands on a huge platform, with hundreds of gilded shrines all round. According to tradition, the Pagoda was erected in the sixth century B.C. in order to serve as a sort of Chancery Lane Safe Deposit for the eight cherished hairs of Buddha confided to its keeping by the faithful. It is just as well not to look at the building too closely when addressing one's ball, since the effect is positively dazzling—especially when the sun is strong. For the greater part of the year the Rangoon course is a dusty, yellow glare, with occasional patches of unhappy-looking grass dotted about over its burnt-up surface. These are assiduously watered every evening by a gang of perspiring natives, who, under the watchful superintendence of the energetic secretary, tend the "greens" with watchful care. When the welcome rains break the appearance of the links is quite changed, and the whole arid, sun-blistered plain is, by comparison with what it has hitherto been, a smiling oasis. Strangers who have only known the course in the hot-weather months can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the metamorphosis worked by a tropical downpour. The ditches and bunkers are pools of water; there is grass everywhere, knee deep in places; and the dusty trees and shrubs have an emerald foliage on them. Bogey is 38, but there are plenty of members who can get round in less. The longest hole is the ninth (467yds.), to the east of the clubhouse, and the shortest is the sixth (165yds.). This is protected by a formidable bunker, 20ft. high, and wants a well lofted iron shot to negotiate it satisfactorily. The third hole is in dangerous proximity to the road leading to the Pagoda hill, and a bad approach invariably means that the ball rolls off the green and drops on to the sandy track below it, where a stray bullock is probably waiting to retrieve it, under the impression that it is something particularly edible. Another difficult hole for the novice to encounter is the eighth, as there is a big grassy hillock with a ditch and fence surrounding it to avoid before the desirable green is finally won.

The hazards that act as a defence for the ninth and last green consist of some cultivated ground and a gunshed belonging to the Ordnance Department. As need scarcely be pointed out, no balls but cannon balls are allowed in this latter.

The Rangoon links are not, much to the disgust of players, given up to golf alone, and the ground is often requisitioned by the military authorities for seemingly unending parades, while at frequent intervals it is also invaded by football teams and cricket elevens. If a "sahib" happens to be playing, however, and a regiment suddenly turns out for drill, the brown-skinned native caddie will think nothing of trotting up to the colonel and astonishing that individual by peremptorily bellowing "Fore!" As may be imagined, if the gallant warrior be possessed of a "liver," this does not tend to promote the *entente*. The Burman caddie, when he can be persuaded for the sake of propriety to wear anything beyond a smile and a garter, adopts a picturesque costume, consisting of a gaudy plush cap, a shirt that has seen better days and a severely attenuated pair of striped trousers. His pay is the equivalent of twopence for each completed round, and when he receives an extra anna he is as pleased as a dog with two tails. As a rule he is fairly satisfactory, although he has a regrettable weakness for—when sent to find a lost ball—lying under a tree and smoking a cheroot. He can do this for quite a long time without getting tired. The caddie-master, however, generally cures this complaint by the vigorous application of a rattan, which he keeps for the purpose. The loud and prolonged howls which occasionally arise from the vicinity of this functionary's hut tell their grievous tale very plainly, and the offender returns to his work a sadder (as well as sorer) and wiser youth. The club-house of the Rangoon Golf Club is a pleasant little building of brown teak, with a red roof and verandah. It is raised above the ground as a precaution against the rains, which would otherwise swamp it in a few hours. The club-house forms a social rendezvous for the garrison, and one can spend a very enjoyable hour or so there in company with a cooling drink, a long cheroot and a wicker chair. On certain evenings an infantry band plays just outside, and, as the strains of the last imported musical comedy break on the still air, the exile's thoughts instinctively turn to the roar of the busy Strand, and one speculates if the Gaiety is as amusing as ever. When the wandering Briton in due course reaches Ceylon, he finds that he need by no means bid a fond farewell to golf. On arrival there, the pleasant discovery is made that the home of the Cingalee is not all tea gardens and coffee estates. Dotted about in various parts of that spicy isle are several golf courses, and on these the exiled enthusiast can enjoy many a pleasurable game amid surroundings that would baffle the pen of the most florid of guide-book compilers to describe in suitable terms. Indeed, anything to surpass the beautiful scenery of this Pearl of the



East can scarcely be imagined. The authorities of the different clubs, too, in this distant portion of the Empire are exceedingly hospitable, and freely accord the privilege of a game to strangers who land at Colombo on their way to and from Australia or elsewhere.

The principal golf club in Ceylon is the Colombo one. This was founded as far back as the year 1879 by a few planters and friends with grateful memories of St. Andrews and Hoylake behind them. Considerable difficulties were at first encountered in laying out any sort of a course at all and persuading the dusky Cingalese who watched the operations that nothing detrimental to their vested interests was contemplated. At first the course consisted of a modest nine-hole one on a sandy stretch of ground, known as Galle Face, bordering the seashore. After a time, however, the club prospered so much that it eventually found itself in possession of an orthodox eighteen-hole course, some three miles distant from the fort and the landing-stage. This is the Ridgeway one, named after Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, the late Governor of Ceylon. The club is in a most flourishing condition, and has about 350 members on its books, many of whom are ladies. Both entrance fee and annual subscription are much lower than those usually prevailing in India, being respectively but 30 rupees and 20 rupees. People who kick at such rates as these are only fit to play dominoes. The length of the holes on the Ridgeway links varies considerably. The longest hole, for example, is the sixth one (408yds.), while the seventh hole is only 128yds. These distances, however, are constantly being altered, for with the increasing popularity of rubber-cored balls it is found that the short holes are a mistake. The course may fairly be considered as a sporting one, and there are plenty of natural hazards (consisting principally of trees), together with turf and sand bunkers, dotted about over its surface. In the hot weather these bunkers harbour a good many snakes, and it is no unusual occurrence to find a large and lively specimen curled up in dangerous proximity to where the ball has landed. When the monsoon breaks, a good deal of the course is under water, and the pools then serve the native caddies as swimming-baths. At such times, indeed, it is rather a case of "missing links." As soon as the water disappears, however, the burnt-up turf and sun-blistered greens become delightfully verdant again. The first seven holes present no great difficulties, but the eighth (298yds.) wants careful play, as the green slopes down to the cemetery wall. The next green, too, requires to be approached with caution, since it is defended by the railway. The highest point on the course is where one drives off from at the fourteenth tee. Between this and the green is a specially formidable bunker. Once safely over this, however, all is plain sailing. The club-house, just beside the eighteenth hole (307yds.), is a large one-storeyed building of the usual bungalow type, with a tiled roof. It is comfortably fitted up, with accommodation for bicycles and traps at the back. The rooms are airy, and, with the aid of a plentiful supply of punkahs and electric fans, form a cool and pleasant retreat from the glare of the sun. In connection with the Colombo Golf Club there are several prizes to stimulate local talent. The principal one is the Gold Medal, awarded for the championship of Ceylon, and another keenly-contested trophy is the Lady McLeod Vase. The Captain's Cup and the Quarterly Silver Medal competitions are other events that provoke a severe struggle ere the lucky winner bears them off in triumph to his own quarters.

Colombo is not the only place in Ceylon where the devotee of the Royal and Ancient game is spared the painful sight of seeing acres of good ground "wasted" on tea and coffee plantations. At Newara Elya, for example, there is another 18-hole course, dating from the year 1884. This, in some respects, is even better than the more celebrated Ridgeway one. The turf, at any rate, is superior, and the links are certainly quite as sporting. They are laid out 7,000ft. above the sea-level, and the player thus has the advantage of a healthful and invigorating breeze as he negotiates the yawning bunkers which lie in wait for the unwary. To the newcomer the great difficulty is to make proper allowance for the light. This is extraordinarily deceptive, and tends to prevent one from judging distance correctly. A hole that appears to be nothing more than a drive and a putt is in reality perhaps a quarter of a mile from the teeing-ground, and one's vain attempts to reach it in three merely make the attendant caddie grin all over his dusky countenance. Golf on the Newara Elya links, as elsewhere in Ceylon, is a cheap amusement. The club subscription is only ten rupees per annum, and the authorised charge for a caddie is the moderate one of twenty-five cents, or fourpence. Most of the Cingalese boys know something of the game, and practise ardently among themselves when the heat of the sun makes it impossible for a European to put his nose out of doors. With the most prehistoric description of clubs imaginable—the discarded property of members, rescued from the nearest scrap-heap—and balls cut and gashed out of all recognition, they nevertheless get along remarkably well. As a class they are civil and obliging, but their English—consisting principally of the expressions that their short-tempered masters employ when

they fail to negotiate a bunker—is to be deplored. These, however, they proudly air at every opportunity. Accordingly, if a player is taking a lady round the links, it is advisable to keep her out of earshot of the attendant caddie, or else to sternly frown upon all his attempts at maintaining a conversation. Despite these precautions, however, if your fair friend gets into difficulties he is bound to observe with a cheerful grin, "No dam good, Missie. You hit him like hell next time!"

HORACE WYNDHAM.

#### THE TWO SANDWICHES AND DEAL.

ONE may say with a good deal of confidence that there is not another place in England which has the advantages that Sandwich now has to offer the golfer. There are three quite first-class courses—St. George's, Deal and Prince's. The St. George's Club is just putting its house in order, its extending smoking-rooms and so on. Prince's has been occupied during the summer with putting its greens in order, and this is a process which is not all joy in the present, though no doubt it makes for greater future edification. The fact is that all these courses, as well as many others in Great Britain, have been suffering badly from the attacks of the star plantain. It is a small weed, but there are many of it, and it makes little cups in the putting green which are just fitted for the holding of a ball; so that, when you putt, the latter is very apt to jump up and cause you to hit it twice, or, at any rate, to hit it very crookedly once. There is only one way of eradicating the weed, and it is a way that has to be repeated again and again—to dig it out with manual labour aided by a knife. The process is a laborious one.

#### UNDER THE KNIFE.

Just now the Prince's greens are suffering under surgical operations of this kind, which naturally leave scars. The incisions have to be filled with a dust of good mould and good seed mixed together. This may be looked at in the light of the antiseptic treatment of golf greens. Until the seed germinates, however, and puts up green blades, the scar has to look black and bare. It can be rolled down so that the ball will go over it without deviation, and the scar is a better thing than the plantain which occasioned it, but it does not look pretty, because it is not green. A golfer would often putt better, would be less worried by fancied depressions and rises which have no existence except in his imagination, if he were not deceived so often by the difference in the colour between one patch of the green and the next.

#### THE BEST GOLF IN ENGLAND.

The Prince's greens are showing the effect of these operations more than the greens of Deal or Sandwich, because they are still crude, without enough greenery to cover up any scars; but the management are right to have a good dig at the weeds in the early stages of the green. The course is so good naturally that it is worth waiting a while to get it as good as art can help Nature to make it, and when that is accomplished in the fulness of time, we shall have a sort of golfer's paradise at Sandwich, perhaps not better than some of the centres in Scotland—say, St. Andrews, which has always the advantage to start with that its classic green is the very best in the world, and its modern green not so very far behind the best—but we have no other golfing entertainment in England, not even on the Lancashire and Cheshire coasts, at all equal to what we shall have in the triple bill provided on the East Coast of Kent.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### SUNDAY GOLF IN SCOTLAND.

ONE of the apparent tendencies of the time is in the direction of an appreciable growth in the practice of Sunday golf in Scotland. During the late summer months and the recent fine Sundays in October there has been a regular exodus of golfers from Edinburgh across the Firth of Forth to Burntisland, where the unusual experience of a fine Sunday's recreation on the links has been enjoyed. It is true that the links at Dodhead, situated above the town of Burntisland, are the property of a limited liability golf company, and are, therefore, not open to public play in the sense that the old short Burntisland course is, or the courses at St. Andrews and Gullane. Members only are allowed to play on the Sundays at Burntisland. But it shows how keen is the popular desire for some kind of golf recreation on the Sunday in Scotland that members are willing to travel the eighteen miles from Edinburgh to Burntisland and back, and to brave the discomforts sometimes of the stormy ferry passage between Leith and Granton and Burntisland, or to make the more circuitous railway journey into Fife by way of the Forth Bridge. The keenness of that Scottish desire for Sunday golf is better illustrated by the incident which took place about a fortnight ago, when, in addition to the golfing invasion from Edinburgh, there arrived a small contingent of players from St. Andrews. In order to enjoy a round of Sunday golf a party of St. Andrews golfers (which included a lady), who had been attending the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, travelled across Fife by motor-car from the Firth of Tay to the Firth of Forth. The party enjoyed their Sunday matches at Burntisland and returned in the evening to St. Andrews. In order to make their enjoyment more complete on the Sabbath Day, they overcame the prohibition of the local club, that caddies were not allowed to be hired, by bringing their own caddies with them. It is quite conceivable that the golfing parties from Edinburgh and St. Andrews returned home on the Sunday evening feeling quite satisfied, despite the frowns and the implied censure of the

general body of citizens, that they had spent an altogether happy and profitable day in the open air.

It is obvious, too, that if the movement towards the spread of Sunday golf in Scotland is slow and confined to relatively small areas of the country, it is at the same time holding stubbornly to its assertion of the claim to individual freedom. The Sunday golf movement in Scotland is about twenty years behind that of England, but in both countries the tendency is the same. This tendency is to confine the practice of the game to private links that are within the complete control of a golf club, and which are laid out in confined areas where players can in no sense obtrude their presence on public observation, or cause their behaviour to conflict with the prevailing popular religious sentiment. But neither in Scotland, any more than in England, has the Sunday golf movement met with any success whatever when the attempt has been made to play on public links like St. Andrews or Gullane. During the recent summer, indeed, two Devonshire ladies residing at St. Andrews attempted to play a round on the old links "during ye tyme of ye sermonnes." But a Conservator of the links who saw the ladies playing merrily at their game rightly enough took upon himself the responsible public duty of reproving the ladies and of asking them to cease from play. A similar attempt was made two or three years ago on the part of some young men to ignore public sentiment by playing over Gullane Hill on a Sunday, but it, too, was speedily frustrated.

Quite recently a golf club has been formed in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and though the course is apparently going to be a private one, the authorities governing the club have stipulated that there shall be no Sunday golf, though members "will be allowed to walk over the course on the Sabbath." It is possible that a good many of the members will avail themselves of the privilege of the Sunday walk across the links in order to reconnoitre the bunkers and the roll of the putting greens where on the previous Saturday afternoon either the bad lie, the twisted putt, or the awkward bunker had proved so fatal to the success of their match or their scoring-card. When the Edinburgh Burgess Society went to their new links at Barnton this Sunday golf question was raised among the members in an acute form; but experience has proved that the evils which were predicted by the opponents of Sunday golf as likely to arise have not as yet appeared to the disadvantage of the club and of its members. Indeed, as between the frank recognition of Sunday golf by public sentiment in Scotland and its total prohibition, the advantage would seem to lie in taking a less stringent view than heretofore of the Sunday golf question.

There was a case in the police courts in Fifeshire in the summer months where a young man was prosecuted for causing damage with a stick to the putting-greens on the Lundin Links on the Sundays. The turf was badly cut up by this mischief-maker in throwing his stick about the putting-green, and the local authorities had to hide the police in the bunkers and elsewhere on the links in order to entrap this putting-green-wrecker. No justification can be pleaded for the infliction of such wilful and needless damage as this, except that such youths, feeling no personal constraint to go to church, are irresistibly attracted to the links, and that in the absence of legitimate opportunities to play golf on the day of rest they feel apparently impelled by sheer recklessness and idleness to destroy corporate or public property.

Does the growth of Sunday golf in Scotland mark a perceptible decline of the old ecclesiastical spirit? It would seem, at any rate, to indicate a tolerance towards the old game which used to be the frequent mark for the activity of vigilant Kirk Sessions. In a good many of the club-houses in the country there may be found a spirited etching by Mr. Doleman, representing two young men being caught putting at the hole by a severe-looking clergyman who has just emerged from amid the overhanging bent which the players fondly imagined securely screened them from observation. The incident depicted took place in 1608, and the two players are supposed to be John Henrie and Pat Bogie. The form of the indictment against them ran that they were "Accusit for playing of the Gowff on the Links of Leith everie Sabbath the tyme of the sermonnes." They were convicted of "xx. lib., and ordainit to be wardet until the same wer payit, and to find caution not to do the lyke again at na tyme heirefter under the paine of c. lib." Indeed, throughout the seventeenth and a portion of the eighteenth centuries the amount of money contributed *ad pios usus* by golfers who persisted in defying the ordinances and the punishments of stern Kirk Sessions by playing golf "in the time of the preachings" must have reached a large enough total for those days. A kindlier sympathy and a more tolerant spirit have insensibly grown up even in Scotland in respect of rigid Sabbath observance. Though it is unlikely that golfers anywhere, and most of all in Scotland, will be blamed for an abuse of the tolerance which is being extended by the softening of the ecclesiastical spirit to all kinds of social and recreative activities on the Sunday, they, at the same time, owe it as an essential duty

to the community that, wherever Sunday golf is instituted, it should not be fostered and persevered with against predominant public religious sentiment.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

## HAIR.

THERE is an old French tale of a woman who died of love for a player, and as their lips met in the last kiss she said to him:

"Fais un archet avec mes tresses,"

Suivant ses vœux  
Il fit un archet de ses cheveux.

Sur un violon de Crémone,  
Il jouait, demandant l'aumône.

Tous avaient d'enivrants frissons  
A l'écouter. Car—dans ses sons  
Vivaient la morte et ses chansons."

The player charmed the king with his weird bowing, while the strange melodies quivered in the heart of the dark queen, till she followed the player through the moonlit night; but each time his violin sobbed for her, the dead reproached the living, and, at last, the ghostly hair-music drew queen and player after it into the shadow-mist:

"Ils moururent à mi-voiage,  
Et la morte reprit son gage.

Elle reprit ses cheveux blonds,  
Comme un moisson d'Août, si longs,  
Qu'ils lui tombaient jusqu'aux talons!"

CHARLES CROS.

The fantastic vibrations of this little tone-poem tremble in each memory twined with a tress of soft hair, for that so-called strange, exquisite thing is penetrated with an intense personal magnetism which survives separation and death. It is electric, intimate, alive, and its colour is a glory, whether it be that warm red Titian loved to paint, or blue-black—"mer d'ébène . . . pavillon de ténèbres tendues"—or the pale corn-gold of which poets also sing, or the silver-white which crowned poor Marie Antoinette, Queen of Sorrows, in one black night of agony. According to the Gaelic legend, Niamh of the Golden Tresses, also one of those for whom Love and Death are twin brothers, was called by the men who died for desire of her beauty Love-entangled, because her flame-bright hair caught hearts in a mesh of sorrow and longing. Pelléas first drew near to the elusive soul of Mélisande beneath the perfumed cloud of her hair, which flowed round them both like a mantle of dreams; and the nun-sister of Percivale—she who saw the Vision of the Holy Cup—

"Shore away  
Clean from her forehead, all that wealth of Hair  
Which made a silken mat-work for her feet;  
And out of this she plaited broad and long  
A strong sword-belt, and wove with silver thread  
And crimson in the belt a strange device,  
A crimson grail within a silver beam."

This for the bright boy-knight clad in white armour—Galahad!

For hair is ever the symbol of spiritual and earthly passion, that mysterious Word, quivering through the whole gamut of human emotion; a haunting, vibrating sequence of letters, which, first traced in dark depths of human nature, springs into fire at the flame-point of spirit; and without this ecstasy, born of passion, no soul has known Love, Which is—God. Japanese women, with the delicate symbolism of their race, weave religion and love into the threads of their dark, soft hair. They hang their black tresses as an offering to Deity at the Shinto shrines, and they cut off their hair as a token of deathless faith with the heart's beloved. In the words of the Japanese song:

"I have cut my hair for his sake, but the deeper relation between us  
Cannot be cut in this—or another life."

Catholic nuns sacrifice their hair when taking the veil which secludes them from the common life, while the tonsure is ever the outward sign of a priest's renunciation. The gipsies have many superstitions regarding hair, and their belief in its personal magnetism is so strong that they believe a witch's power for evil is more potent if she can obtain a lock of the person's hair whom she wishes to injure; if a gipsy maid wish to win a man's love she must take some threads of her hair and mix them with the earth over which the steps of the loved one have passed; if a wife desire to keep her husband's devotion she should bind some of his hair with hers. In some countries hair is regarded as an amulet; in the recent war between Russia and Japan Russian lovers and friends are said to have sent lockets and brooches containing their hair to the soldiers as a protection against Japanese bullets. Hair is also a symbol of national honour; a Chinese is disgraced if he loses his pigtail, and when the new Emperor of Korea was lately crowned it was a bitter humiliation for conservative Koreans that he should shave the sacred top-knot in deference to modern Japanese ideas. Hair is an indelible sign of race, and its arrangement marks vicissitudes of morals and manners in the history of nations. The beards and curling hair on the colossal Assyrian monuments, the stiff coiffures of the old Egyptian bas-reliefs, the classic braids of ancient Greece and the fierce beards and moustaches of the Vikings, the love-locks of the Cavaliers and the cropped hair of the Roundheads, the



lofty hair-dressing of the Bourbon period and the sudden change to Greek simplicity at the Revolution, the loosely waved hair of modern women in contrast to the rigid style of early Victorian days, all reveal either luxury or simplicity, severity or freedom in manners. Hair is strangely indestructible.

It is haunted for lover and friend by a loved Personality. As the long shimmering tress winds round clinging fingers it is a chain—red, black, brown, gold, or silver—binding, perchance, some passionate mourning heart to an invisible ghostly Presence.

MARIE SYLVESTRE.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### COST OF OWNING AN ESTATE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "A.," writing in your issue of the 26th ult., does not make his difficulty with the income-tax authorities quite clear. So far as I can gather he is probably entitled to a refund of a part of the tax already paid, though in the absence of accurate details no definite pronouncement can be made on this point. If the schedule of charges set out by "A." includes all deductions he has made from his income for assessment purposes he appears to have "erred on the side of moderation." Income from the "felling and sale of timber, underwood, etc." What has become of the woodmen's wages, haulage and whatever carriage or other expenses are incurred in connection therewith? What of the cost of horse keep, for horses used in the working of the land, etc.? All these are items which can usually be deducted from income before assessment. Income-tax law and practice is intricate, and most difficult for those who are not experts to deal successfully with. Quite recently we came across a case where a country gentleman whose income is derived from rents and a small "home farm" had regularly included his rental income with the farm profits in the "Return for Assessment," and, of course, paid income-tax twice over each year on the same income. From experience I know this is not an isolated case. There are scores of country gentlemen, and others, to-day who make a most praiseworthy effort to render a true and full account of their income to the assessors, and through lack of experience and expert knowledge, they usually succeed in being very, very unjust—to themselves. Where a claimant is legally entitled to either a reduction of assessment, or a refund of overpaid tax, his appeal cannot fail if supported by accurate accounts prepared in proper form.—A. WHITTINGHAM JONES.

### THE KINGFISHER IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that a kingfisher is to be seen frequently in the immediate neighbourhood of York Bridge, York Gate, Regent's Park. There were a pair here during the summer and autumn of 1898, also the same year a pair of yellow-hammers during the nesting season. Thinking this worthy of notice, so near the roar of such a busy thoroughfare as Marylebone Road—E. MILEMAN.

### GATHERING OF MISSEL-THRUSHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About three weeks ago I noticed in Dorsetshire near the sea that misse-thrushes had taken to congregating in flocks. As we have them with us the winter through, it struck me as curious, but possibly it is no uncommon thing. I should like, however, to know why they do this. The sparrows in the village are now busily engaged in collecting straw, so I suppose they have learnt the advantage of a well-lined nest to shelter in during the winter.—R. V.

### A QUAIN INN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the accompanying photograph may be of interest to your

readers. The quaint inn, which is known as Martlesham Lion, is situated in a village of that name near Woodbridge, on the old turnpike-road from Ipswich to Yarmouth. It has more than local fame, owing to its famous sign, a fierce red-painted monster, which is said to have formed the figure-head of one of the Dutch ships destroyed in the Battle of Sole Bay, and was picked up on Benacre Beach. "As red as Martlesham Lion" has become a noted saying, frequently heard both in England and in far-off lands

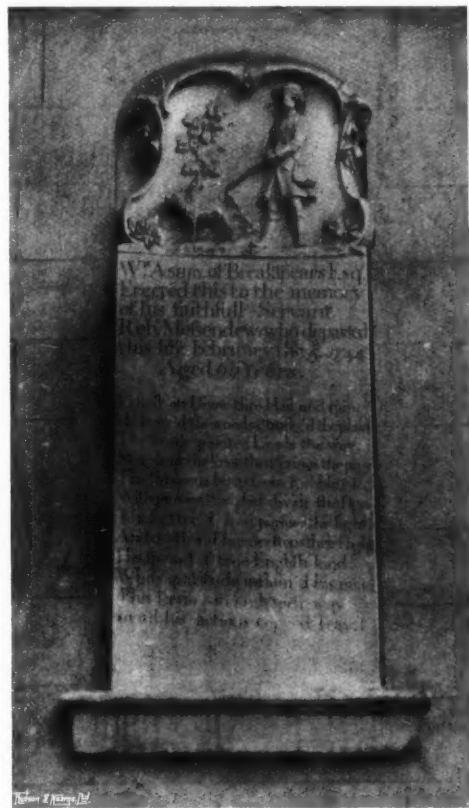


wherever East Anglians meet.—L. A. SIMPSON.

### OLD DOG TRAY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I wonder if many of your readers ever heard the old rhyme to Dog Tray; possibly more than one would suppose. I had no idea that it had been written so long ago as 1700, but that this is a fact is proved by the enclosed photograph of a memorial stone set into the outside wall of Harefield Church. The church itself dates back to 1700. The epitaph is delightfully quaint and original, and the memorial stone erected by the good old English country squire to his faithful gamekeeper is interesting, as showing the spirit that existed in those days between master and man. I append the words, which are only just visible in the photograph.



"Wm. Ashby, of Breakspears, Esq.  
Erected this to the memory of his faithful servant Robt. Mossendew, who departed this life February the 5th, 1744  
Aged 60 years.

In frost and snow, thro hail and rain,  
He scour'd the Woods, trudg'd the plain.  
The steady pointer leads the way  
Stands at the scent then springs the prey.  
The timorous birds from stubble rise  
With pinions stretched divide the skys.  
The scattered lead pursues the light,  
And Death in thunder stops their flight,  
His spaniel of true English kind,  
Whose gratitude enflamed his mind,  
This servant in an honest way  
In all his actions copy'd Tray."

The figure of the keeper with his gun and dog are beautifully cut in the stone, and the ornamental border is a very pretty design.—W. B. M.

### PICKLING GREEN TOMATOES.

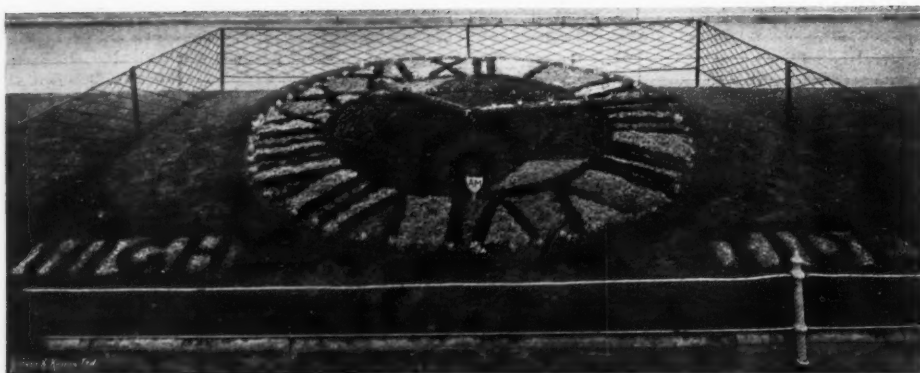
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For the information of "E. B." re pickling green tomatoes, I have much pleasure in recommending the following recipe: Slice 5lb. of green tomatoes, sprinkle each layer with salt; let it remain twelve hours, drain off the liquid which has run from them. Put the tomatoes into a stewpan, pour over them one quart of good vinegar, add 2lb. of Demerara sugar, 1½lb. of onions (not Spanish), three red pepper pods, sliced, 4oz. each of ground ginger, cloves, long pepper and mustard seeds. Simmer altogether until the tomato skins are tender, from one hour to one hour and a-half, then bottle.—M. C.

### LITTLE OWL BREEDING IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In connection with the account given by Mr. Knight in COUNTRY LIFE for October 19th of the nesting of the little owl in Kent, it may be of interest to record that this little bird has nested in at least two places in Hertfordshire this last spring. A nest was discovered near Watton, about the second week of June, by some boys who saw the parent bird flying about a decaying oak, and attempted to remove the four young birds from the nest. They were, however, beyond reach, being in a very deep hole; but at dusk they came out on to the branches to be fed and were caught by the boys. One of the parent birds was, unfortunately, shot by a keeper "in mistake for a hawk." Two of the young, after being kept for some weeks in captivity, were released; the other two are now in cages in the neighbourhood and



## TIME, TIDE AND TEIGNMOUTH GARDENING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—The floral tidal clock of which I enclose a photograph is done in carpet bedding in different colours. Credit for the idea and its carrying out is due to the gardener of the Teignmouth Urban District Council, as it is believed to be the only clock of this kind in England. The hands are set twice a day to give the time of high water.—G. DENNEY.

## WASPS AND POSTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] SIR,—I recently had occasion to wait at a little wayside station in Lincolnshire, and, in conversation with the station-master, learnt how destructive the wasps had been during the past summer. It appears that they attack the

bills that are posted on the notice-boards on the platforms and in the waiting-rooms. They moisten the paper and carry it away to their nests. It is amazing to what an extent they were able to mutilate the posters. The station-master had, however, discovered that after adding carbolic acid to the paste, the depredations of the wasps ceased.—HENRY WALKER, Stamford.

## STRANGE PETS ON AN ENGLISH LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a novel kind of pet, *i.e.*, two Madagascar tortoises recently brought over from South Africa. As pets they are not without interest, for they will readily eat grapes, bananas or lettuce from the hand. These delicacies form their staple diet, and when not eating they are usually asleep in the greenhouse. The

ordinary "shilling" tortoise is placed in the middle to show the comparative size of the two species.—ALAN F. HAIG BROWN.

## A TERRIER'S SAGACITY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was walking in the fields lately with my dogs, when one, an Irish terrier (I do not think quite pure bred), named Judy, found a hedgehog and attacked it. In trying to bite it, of course, her mouth was being hurt, so she at once tore up the grass frantically with her paws until she got a good lump, then, taking it in her teeth, placed it on the back of the hedgehog and

tried to bite it in this way. She went on repeating this, and as I could not get her away, one of my men helped her to kill it. It seems to me a wonderful instance of reasoning power for a dog to think of this, and I should be glad to know if this is an unusual thing for a dog to do.—G. M. M.

## A CHILD OF NATURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your leading article last week showed such an insight into, and sympathy with, the gipsy's life that I venture to hope that the accompanying photograph may be of interest. The picturesqueness of the little lass in the bracken by the roadside will appeal to the artist and the sentimentalist, while, on the other hand, the stern economist and game preserver will find in her rags and (probably) defective education a text on which to found unanswerable arguments against those "poaching pests" of the country-side—the gipsies, justification for whose existence, he will say, it is hard to perceive in 1907.—N.



are in good health and plumage, having become very tame. I am informed by Mr. W. Percival Westell of St. Albans that another nest was found this past summer between St. Albans and Hatfield. This nest was in a hole in a willow tree, and, although one of the birds was shot by a keeper, the young were safely reared. Dr. Hartert of the Tring Museum writes to me that a pair nested in 1897 and reared two young on one of Mr. T. Fowell Buxton's farms at Easneye, near Ware. In the following year they nested on the same farm in the loft of a barn, where, however, they were disturbed and deserted their eggs. He adds, "I don't know if there are any subsequent records of nesting in the county." A considerable number were turned out by Mr. Rothschild near Tring some twenty years ago, and were thought to have nested in Tring Park for some seasons after, but there is no record of their actually having done so. They diminished in numbers, and Dr. Hartert does not think that there is one left in Tring Park at the present day. It may, perhaps, be more probable that the two pairs found nesting in the county this year were outposts of the colony introduced by the late Lord Lilford in Northamptonshire in 1888, as they nested at Lilford the following year, and nests were found there in increasing numbers in succeeding years, until now the species is quite established in Northamptonshire and is common in many parts. A writer in the *Zoologist* gives an interesting account of its rapid spread in Bedfordshire, where he says it is already the commonest species of owl and is still on the increase, being known and probably nesting in every parish. So the little owl is evidently well able to hold its own, in spite of persecution, when once it takes to a locality. Its spread in this country is to be welcomed, as it is a great destroyer of mice, while it is apparently harmless to game; and its quaint appearance makes it a very interesting addition to our British avifauna.—ALLAN ELLISON, Watton, Herts.

## WANTED—A RAVEN!

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could tell me where I could procure a good healthy specimen of a raven?—LILLIAN HEAD.

## A CURIOUS NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—A pair of swallows built their annual nest in our church porch this year. A pair of brown wrens have been busily engaged doming it over for their winter quarters, and it is now nearly finished, the little round hole of entrance being almost completed. Have any of your readers a similar experience.—M. J. BACON, Swallowfield Vicarage, Berks.

## WOMEN AND AGRICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Can you tell me of any establishment in the country (in England) where a young lady can study farming, and to whom should I apply for details if there is such a place?—PLOUGHSHARE.

[Farming in all its branches may be studied at either of the following colleges for young ladies: University College, Reading, Lady Warwick's school at Studley, Warwickshire, and the Horticultural College, Swanley. Most of the students at these places, however, only go in for what is known as *la petite culture*, *i.e.*, bee-keeping, gardening and the lighter forms of work connected with farming. There are numerous dairy schools in different parts of the country and various establishments where gardening only is taught, such as the Hon. Frances Wolseley's School for Lady Gardeners at Glynde, Sussex. At the Thatcham Fruit and Flower Farm at Henwick, near Newbury, instruction is given in the lighter forms of farming.—ED.]